

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION,

FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT AND PROSECUTION OF RESEARCHES IN THE ARTS AND MONUMENTS OF THE EARLY AND MIDDLE AGES,

Particularly in England.

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ABSTRACT OF PROPOSED RULES AND REGULATIONS.

The Central Committee beg to offer the following general Abstract of the Rules and Regulations which the Association will hereafter be conducted, drawn up by the Sub-Committee appointed for that purpose in the month of January last. The detailed statement of Rules and Regulations will be submitted for confirmation at the next Annual Congress, which, as it is proposed, will be held this year at Winchester, IN THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER.

The Archaeological Association shall consist of all such persons as shall contribute a donation of ten pounds, or an annual subscription of not less than one pound, who shall be considered as Subscribing Members. Also of all such other persons as may take an interest in the objects of the Association, and being disposed to give furtherance to them, without making any pecuniary contribution, may intimate their desire to be enrolled on its lists, as

Corresponding Members. The election of such Corresponding Members shall be made by the Central Committee, on the proposal of one of the Members thereof, either on his personal acquaintance with the candidate, or the recommendation of two ordinary Members. The Government of the Association shall be vested in a Central Committee, consisting of twenty-five persons, usually resident in London. A certain number of the Members of this Committee shall annually retire, and the vacancies thus created shall be filled up at the next Annual Congress. No Member of the Committee retiring shall be eligible for re-election until the interval of a year shall have elapsed. Subscribing Members shall be entitled to attend the Annual Congress, and to receive gratuitously an illustrated octavo volume, containing a summary of the Proceedings of the Year, and a full

account of the Transactions of the Annual Congress. They shall also have the privilege of voting at the annual election of the Central Committee.

At a meeting held during the Annual Congress a Report of the Proceedings of the whole year will be submitted, including a statement of Accounts, and the vacancies in the Central Committee caused by the retirement of a certain number of Members thereof, will be filled up.

It is requested that all persons who may propose to become Subscribing Members will forward their subscriptions to the Central Committee, by Post-office order, addressed to ALBERT WAT, Esq., Honorary Secretary, 12, Rutland Gate, Hyde Park, or direct the same to be paid to the account of the Archaeological Association with Messrs. Cockburn & Co., 4, Whitehall.

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ing as may be—but as little suitable to a tale of life and manners, as a treatise on the Electrical Telegraph, or a discussion on the Atmospheric Railway system. Then, with all his feeling for the people, Mr. Disraeli appears to have studied them in the pages of the parliamentary or statistical Reports referred to, rather than to have "eaten with them, drank with them, or prayed with them," as Shylock says. A citizen of the world sitting with its "Dandy Micks" over their glasses of "bar mixture," would come to a far different knowledge of their modes of remark and action, as Mr. Dickens knows full well. Let us take a scene—one of the most life-like which occurs to us, but the make-believe air of which, we think, cannot but strike the reader:—

"It was Saturday night; the streets were thronged; an infinite population kept swarming to and fro the close courts and pestilential cul-de-sacs that continually communicated with the streets by narrow archways, like the entrance of hives, so low that you were obliged to stoop for admission: while ascending to these same streets, from their dank and dismal dwellings by narrow flights of steps the subterranean nation of the cellars poured forth to enjoy the coolness of the summer night, and market for the day of rest. The bright and lively shops were crowded; and groups of purchasers were gathered round the stalls, that by the aid of glaring lamps and flaunting lanterns, displayed their wares. 'Come, come, it's a prime piece,' said a jolly looking woman, who was presiding at a stall which, though considerably thinned by previous purchasers, still offered many temptations to many who could not purchase. 'And so it is, widow,' said a little pale man, wistfully. 'Come, come, it's getting late, and your wife's ill; you're a good soul, we'll say fi'pence a pound, and I'll throw you the scrag end in for love.' 'No butcher's meat to-morrow for us, widow,' said the man. 'And why not, neighbour? With your wages, you ought to live like a prize-fighter, or the mayor of Mowbray at least.' 'Wages!' said the man 'I wish you may get 'em. Those villains, Shuffle and Screw, have sarrved me with another bate ticket: and a pretty figure too.' 'Oh! the carnal monsters!' exclaimed the widow. 'If their day don't come, the bloody-minded knaves!' 'And for small cops, too! Small cops be banged! Am I the man to send up a bad-bottomed cop, Widow Carey?' 'You sent up for snicks! I have known you man and boy, John Hill, these twenty summers, and never heard a word against you till you got into Shuffle and Screw's mill. Oh! they are a bad yarn, John.' 'They do us all, widow. They pretends to give the same wages as the rest, and works it out in fines. You can't come, and you can't go, but there's a fine; you're never paid wages, but there's a bate ticket. I've heard they keep their whole establishment on factory fines.' 'Soul alive, but those Shuffle and Screw are rotten, snicke, bad yarns,' said Mistress Carey. 'Now ma'am, if you please; fi'pence ha'penny; no, ma'am, we've no weal left. Weal, indeed! you look very like a soul as feeds on weal,' continued Mrs. Carey in an under tone as her declining customer moved away. 'Well, it gets late,' said the widow, 'and if you like to take this scrag end home to your wife, neighbour Hill, we can talk of the rest next Saturday. And what's your will, sir?' said the widow with a stern expression to a youth who now stopped at her stall. He was about sixteen, with a lithe figure, and a handsome, faded, impudent face. His long, loose, white trousers gave him height; he had no waistcoat, but a pink silk handkerchief was twisted carelessly round his neck, and fastened with a very large pin, which, whatever were its materials, had unquestionably a very gorgeous appearance. A loose frock-coat of a coarse white cloth, and fastened by one button round his waist, completed his habiliments, with the addition of the covering to his head, a high-crowned dark-brown hat, which relieved his complexion, and heightened the effect of his mischievous blue eye. 'Well, you need not be so fierce, Mother Carey,' said the youth with an affected air of deprecation. 'Don't mother me,' said the jolly widow with a kindling eye; 'go to your own mother, who is dying in a back cellar without a

winder, while you've got lodgings in a two-pair.' 'Dying; she's only drunk,' said the youth. 'And if she is only drunk,' rejoined Mrs. Carey in a passion, 'what makes her drink but toil; working from five o'clock in the morning to seven o'clock at night, and for the like of such as you.' 'That's a good one,' said the youth; 'I should like to know what my mother ever did for me, but give me treacle and laudanum when I was a baby to stop my tongue and fill my stomach; by the token of which, as my gal says, she stunted the growth of the prettiest figure in all Mowbray.' And here the youth drew himself up, and thrust his hands in the side pockets of his pea-jacket. 'Well, I never,' said Mrs. Carey. 'No; I never heard a thing like that!' 'What, not when you cut up the jackass and sold it for veal cutlets, mother.' 'Hold your tongue, Mr. Impudence,' said the widow. 'It's very well known you're no Christian, and we'll believe what you say?' 'It's very well known that I'm a man what pays his way,' said the boy, 'and don't keep a huckster's stall to sell carrion by star-light; but live in a two-pair, if you please, and has a wife and family, or as good.' 'Oh! you aggravating imp!' exclaimed the widow in despair, unable to wreak her vengeance on one who kept in a secure position, and whose movements were as nimble as his words. 'Why, Madam Carey, what has Dandy Mick done to thee?' said a good-humoured voice. It came from one of two factory girls who were passing her stall and stopped. They were gaily dressed, a light handkerchief tied round the chin, their hair scrupulously arranged; they wore coral neck-laces and ear-rings of gold. 'Ah! is it you, my child,' said the widow, who was a good-hearted creature. 'The dandy has been giving me some of his impudence.' 'But I meant nothing, dame,' said Mick. 'It was a joke, —only a joke.' 'Well, let it pass,' said Mrs. Carey. 'And where have you been this long time, my child; and who's your friend?' she added in a lower tone. 'Well, I have left Mr. Trafford's mill,' said the girl. 'That's a bad job,' said Mrs. Carey; 'for those Traffords are kind to their people. It's a great thing for a young person to be in their mill.' 'So it is,' said the girl, 'but then it was so dull. I can't stand a country life, Mrs. Carey. I must have company.' 'Well, I do love a bit of gossip myself,' said Mrs. Carey, with great frankness. 'And then I'm no scholar,' said the girl, 'and never could take to learning. And those Traffords had so many schools.' 'Learning is better than house and land,' said Mrs. Carey; 'though I'm no scholar myself; but then, in my time, things was different. But young persons.' 'Yes,' said Mick; 'I don't think I could get through the day, if it wurno' for our Institute.' 'And what's that?' asked Mrs. Carey with a sneer. 'The Shoddy-Court Literary and Scientific, to be sure,' said Mick; 'we have got fifty members, and take in three London papers; one *Northern Star* and two *Moral Worlds*.' 'And where are you now, child?' continued the widow to the girl. 'I am at Wiggins and Webster's,' said the girl; 'and this is my partner. We keep house together; we have a very nice room in Arbour Court, No. 7, high up; it's very airy. If you will take a dish of tea with us to-morrow, we expect some friends.' 'I take it kindly,' said Mrs. Carey; 'and so you keep house together! All the children keep house in these days. Times is changed indeed!' 'And we shall be happy to see you, Mick; and Julia, if you are not engaged,' continued the girl; and she looked at her friend, a pretty demure girl, who immediately said, but in a somewhat faulting tone, 'Oh! that we shall.' 'And what are you going to do now, Caroline?' said Mick. 'Well, we had no thoughts; but I said to Harriet, as it is a fine night, let us walk about as long as we can, and then to-morrow we will lie in bed till afternoon.' 'That's all well eno' in winter time with plenty of baccy,' said Mick, 'but at this season of the year I must have life. The moment I came out I bathed in the river, and then went home and dressed,' he added in a satisfied tone; 'and now I am going to the Temple. I'll tell you what, Julia has been pricked to-day with a shuttle; 'tis not much, but she can't go out; I'll stand treat, and take you and your friend to the Temple.' 'Well, that's delight,' said Caroline. 'There's no

one does the handsome thing like you, Dandy Mick, and I always say so. Oh! I love the Temple! 'Tis so genteel! I was speaking of it to Harriet last night; she never was there. I proposed to go with her—but two girls alone,—you understand me. One does not like to be seen in these places, as if one kept no company."

In other of the sketches of popular life contained in 'Sybil' there is obvious and fierce exaggeration. Diggs's Tommy Shop, when open, out-Trollopes Mrs. Trollope, and is closed according to Mrs. Trollope's best notion of poetical justice, melodramatically. We shall have the usurious book-keeper and the big book roasted, "with a real smell of burning," at the Victoria or the Surrey! The purely descriptive passages are better done; but, in spite of the author's resolution to show minute and sympathetic knowledge of popular haunts, Marney Abbey comes far nearer the reality than Mowbray, the scene of Chartism, and all manner of popular grievances. For a more vivid notice of the latter, let us refer the reader to Mr. Horne's pictures of Willenhall and Wolverhampton (Vide *Ath.* No. 802), the source from which Mr. Disraeli's 'Woodgate' is obviously derived. Thus, too, 'Sybil,' though not much less ideal than M. Sue's *Fleur de Marie*, is still many degrees more like a great woman than Harriet, and Julia, and Mother Carey, and Mrs. Prance; one touch of the Gamp, or the Miggs, or the Jarley, being worth volumes of their sayings and doings.

The strength of 'Sybil,' then, lies in its epistolical remarks and conversations. Oftentimes loose in their logic, oftentimes presumptuous in their assumptions, oftentimes paradoxical rather than convincing or persuasive—they are, nevertheless, full of bright, suggestive thoughts. Here, for instance, (to the horror of all such humane souls as see, prophetically, stakes and Smithfield fires in the Maynooth question), we find a speaker taking up the side of the Monks with great unctiousness:—

"'Well, whatever difference of opinion may exist on these points,' said Egremont, 'there is one on which there can be no controversy: the monks were great architects.' 'Ah! there it is,' said the stranger, in a tone of plainness; 'if the world but only knew what they had lost! I am sure that not the faintest idea is generally prevalent of the appearance of England before and since the dissolution. Why, sir, in England and Wales alone, there were of these institutions of different sizes; I mean monasteries, and chantries and chapels, and great hospitals; considerably upwards of three thousand; all of them fair buildings, many of them of exquisite beauty. There were on an average in every shire at least twenty structures such as this; in this great county double that number: establishments that were as vast and as magnificent and as beautiful as your Belvoirs and your Chatsworths, your Wentworths and your Stowes. Try to imagine the effect of thirty or forty Chatsworths in this county, the proprietors of which were never absent. You complain enough now of absentees. The monks were never non-resident. They expended their revenue among those whose labour had produced it. These holy men too built and planted as they did everything else for posterity: their churches were cathedrals; their schools colleges; their halls and libraries the muniment rooms of kingdoms; their woods and waters, their farms and gardens, were laid out and disposed on a scale and in a spirit that are now extinct; they made the country beautiful, and the people proud of their country.' 'Yet if the monks were such public benefactors, why did not the people rise in their favour?' 'They did, but too late. They struggled for a century, but they struggled against property and they were beat. As long as the monks existed, the people, when aggrieved, had property on their side. And now 'tis all over,' said the stranger; 'and travellers come and stare at these ruins, and think themselves very wise to moralize over time. They are the children of violence, not of time. It is war that created these ruins, civil

war, of all our civil wars the most inhuman, for it was waged with the unresisting. The monasteries were taken by storm, they were sacked, gutted, battered with warlike instruments, blown up with gunpowder; you may see the marks of the blast against the new tower here. Never was such a plunder. The whole face of the country for a century was that of a land recently invaded by a ruthless enemy; it was worse than the Norman Conquest; nor has England ever lost this character of ravage. I don't know whether the union workhouses will remove it. They are building something for the people at last. After an experiment of three centuries, your galls being full, and your treadmills losing something of their virtue, you have given us a substitute for the monasteries.' 'You lament the old faith,' said Egremont, in a tone of respect."

Here again, in a different humour, are a few sketches bitten in with tolerably strong vitriol:—

"His lordship has not yet rung his bell, gentlemen.' It was the valet of Lord Milford that spoke, addressing from the door of a house in Belgrave Square, about noon, a deputation from the National Convention, consisting of two of its delegates, who waited on the young viscount in common with other members of the legislature, in order to call his particular attention to the National Petition which the Convention had prepared, and which in the course of the session was to be presented by one of the members for Birmingham. 'I fear we are too early for these fine birds,' said one delegate to the other. 'Who is next on our list?' 'No. 27, — Street, close by; Mr. THOROUGH BASE: he ought to be with the people, for his father was only a fiddler; but I understand he is quite an aristocrat and has married a widow of quality.' 'Well, knock.' Mr. Thorough Base was not at home; had received the card of the delegates apprising him of the honour of their intended visit, but had made up his mind on the subject. No. 18 in the same street received them more courteously. Here resided Mr. KREMLIN, who after listening with patience, if not with interest, to their statement, apprised them that forms of government were of no consequence, and domestic policy of no interest; that there was only one subject which should engage the attention of public men, because everything depended on it,—that was our external system; and that the only specific for the revival of trade and the contentment of the people, was a general settlement of the boundary questions. Finally, Mr. Kremlin urged upon the National Convention to recast their petition with this view, assuring them that on foreign policy they would have the public with them. "Their next visit was to WRIGGLE, a member for a metropolitan district, a disciple of Progress, who went with the times, but who took particular good care to ascertain their complexion; and whose movements if expedient could partake of a regressive character. As the Charter might some day turn up trumps as well as so many other unexpected cards and colours, Wriddle gave his adhesion to it, but of course only provisionally; provided that is to say, he might vote against it at present. But he saw no harm in it,—not he, and should be prepared to support it when circumstances, that is to say the temper of the times, would permit him. More could hardly be expected from a gentleman in the delicate position in which Wriddle found himself at this moment, for he had solicited a baronetcy of the whigs, and had secretly pledged himself to Taper to vote against them on the impending Jamaica division. BOMBASTES RIP snubbed them, which was hard, for he had been one of themselves, had written confidential letters in 1831 to the secretary of the Treasury, and 'provided his expenses were paid,' offered to come up from the manufacturing town he now represented, at the head of a hundred thousand men, and burn down Apsley House. But now Bombastes Rip talked of the great middle class; of public order and public credit. He would have said more to them, but had an appointment in the city, being a most active member of the committee for raising a statue to the Duke of Wellington. FLOATWELL received them in the politest manner, though he did not agree with them. What he did agree with was difficult to say. Clever, brisk, and bustling, with an university reputation and without patrimony, Floatwell shrunk from the toils of a profession, and in the hurry skurry of reform found himself to his astonishment a parliamentary

man. There he had remained, but why, the Fates alone knew. The fun of such a thing must have evaporated with the novelty. Floatwell had entered public life in complete ignorance of every subject which could possibly engage the attention of a public man. He knew nothing of history, national or constitutional law, had indeed none but puerile acquirements, and had seen nothing of life. Assiduous at committees he gained those superficial habits of business which are competent to the conduct of ordinary affairs, and picked up in time some of the slang of economical questions. Floatwell began at once with a little success, and he kept his little success; nobody envied him it; he hoarded his sixpences without exciting any evil emulation. He was one of those characters who above all things shrink from isolation, and who imagine they are getting on if they are keeping company with some who stick like themselves. He was always an idolater of some great personage who was on the shelf, and who he was convinced, because the great personage assured him of it after dinner, would sooner or later turn out the man. At present, Floatwell swore by Lord Dunderhead; and the game of this little coterie, who dined together and thought they were a party, was to be courteous to the Convention. After the endurance of an almost interminable lecture on the currency from Mr. KIRK, who would pledge himself to the charter if the charter would pledge itself to one-pound notes, the two delegates had arrived in Piccadilly, and the next member upon their list was Lord Valentine. 'It is two o'clock,' said one of the delegates, 'I think we may venture;' so they knocked at the portal of the court yard, and found they were awaited. A private staircase led to the suite of rooms of Lord Valentine, who lived in the family mansion. The delegates were ushered through an ante-chamber into a saloon which opened into a very fanciful conservatory, where amid all tropical plants played a fountain. The saloon was hung with blue satin, and adorned with brilliant mirrors; its coiled ceiling was richly painted, and its furniture became the rest of its decorations. On one sofa were a number of portfolios, some open, full of drawings of costumes; a table of pietra dura was covered with richly bound volumes that appeared to have been recently referred to; several ancient swords of extreme beauty were lying on a couch; in a corner of the room was a figure in complete armour, black and gold richly inlaid, and grasping in its gauntlet the ancient standard of England. The two delegates of the National Convention stared at each other, as if to express their surprise that a dweller in such an abode should ever have permitted them to enter it; but ere either of them could venture to speak, Lord Valentine made his appearance. He was a young man, above the middle height, slender, broad-shouldered, small-waisted, of a graceful presence; he was very fair, with dark blue eyes, bright and intelligent, and features of classic precision; a small Greek cap crowned his long light-brown hair, and he was enveloped in a morning robe of Indian shawls. 'Well, gentlemen,' said his lordship, as he invited them to be seated, in a clear and cheerful voice, and with an unaffected tone of frankness which put his guests at their ease; 'I promised to see you; well, what have you got to say?'

This sort of terse sarcastic characterizing has been better done by Peacock and Sir Bulwer Lytton. We are not sure but that Mr. Disraeli understands more perfectly than either, the wondrous mixture of politics and fashion, of cunning and folly, which is to be met with in the patriotic parts of May Fair. From the days of 'Vivian Grey,' and 'Ixion in Heaven,' to the present, few have more thoroughly entered more into the inanities and pretensions of the world of fine people than he has. His Fitzwarrens and St. Julians, and Fitz-Aquitaines, may, moreover, for aught we know, be *Chalon*-drawings from the life, to be named and catalogued on some future day, for the benefit of the Circulating Libraries: and a scene in a noble mansion, on the occasion of a momentous debate in the House, will convince our readers that Mr. Disraeli's grave political studies have not impaired his lightness of touch:—

"'We come to you as early as possible, my dear Arabella,' said Lady Deloraine to her daughter-in-

law. 'Charles Lady M. 'He is have be had so any cir- curred. this eve Fitz-Aq They th these di are ver- bray.' Joan F tion of ceivable prehens and his Occasion the angu softness. the Du Lady Jo the heir- sons. S those w attention with the conversa St. Julia some aff called he did not whom sh child ' have no but he ca a late aff or presen indifferen the divisi A defeat does not a cabine Lady St. very sang bent: she am not s them? Had we asked some to their w had the le coming in does some 'But you Julians,' the vicero his eyes t rough con- cence in f made gre went on Spinner's thousand d at White's a peer! influences Trenchard critical tin of what w even asked A foreign Lord Mar to the prob the diplom rage to pl low have Duke of stopped an he would ture to ex 'he will an raise and addressed her? 'N there is hot said the

law. 'You are always so good! Have you seen Charles? I was in hopes he would have come,' Lady Marney added in a somewhat mournful tone. 'He is at the House; otherwise I am sure he would have been here,' said Lady Deloraine, glad that she had so good a reason for an absence, which under any circumstances she well knew would have occurred. 'I fear you will be sadly in want of beaux this evening my love. We dined at the Duke of Fitz-Aquitaine's, and all our cavaliers vanished. They talk of an early division.' 'I really wish all these divisions were over,' said Lady Marney. 'They are very anti-social. Ah! here is Lady de Mowbray.' Alfred Mountchesney hovered round Lady Joan Fitz-Warene, who was gratified by the devotion of the Cupid of May Fair. He uttered inconceivable nothings, and she replied to him in incomprehensible somethings. Her learned profundity and his rapid lightness effectively contrasted. Occasionally he caught her eye and conveyed to her the anguish of his soul in a glance of self-complacent softness. Lady St. Julians, leaning on the arm of the Duke of Fitz-Aquitaine, stopped to speak to Lady Joan. Lady St. Julians was determined that the heiress of Mowbray should marry one of her sons. She watched therefore with a restless eye all those who attempted to monopolize Lady Joan's attention, and contrived perpetually to interfere with their manoeuvres. In the midst of a delightful conversation that seemed to approach a crisis, Lady St. Julians was sure to advance, and interfere with some affectionate appeal to Lady Joan, whom she called her 'dear child' and 'sweetest love,' while she did not deign even to notice the unhappy cavalier whom she had thus as it were unhorsed. 'My sweet child!' said Lady St. Julians to Lady Joan, 'you have no idea how unhappy Frederick is this evening, but he cannot leave the House, and I fear it will be a late affair.' Lady Joan looked as if the absence or presence of Frederick was to her a matter of great indifference, and then she added, 'I do not think the division so important as is generally imagined. A defeat upon a question of colonial government does not appear to me of sufficient weight to dissolve a cabinet.' 'Any defeat will do that now,' said Lady St. Julians, 'but to tell you the truth I am not very sanguine. Lady Deloraine says they will be best: she says the radicals will desert them; but I am not so sure. Why should the radicals desert them? And what have we done for the radicals? Had we indeed foreseen this Jamaica business, and asked some of them to dinner, or given a ball or two to their wives and daughters! I am sure if I had had the least idea that we had so good a chance of coming in, I should not have cared myself to have done something; even to have invited their women.' 'But you are such a capital partisan, Lady St. Julians,' said the Duke of Fitz-Aquitaine, who with the vicereignty of Ireland dexterously dangled before his eyes for the last two years, had become a thorough conservative, and had almost as much confidence in Sir Robert as in Lord Stanley. 'I have made great sacrifices,' said Lady St. Julians. 'I went once and stayed a week at Lady Jenny Spinner's to gain her lobby of a son and his eighty thousand a-year, and Lord St. Julians proposed him at White's; and then after all the whigs made him a peer! They certainly make more of their social influences than we do. That affair of that Mr. Truncheon was a blow. Losing a vote at such a critical time, when if I had had only a remote idea of what was passing through his mind, I would have even asked him to Barrowley for a couple of days.' A foreign diplomatist of distinction had pinned Lord Marney, and was dexterously pumping him as to the probable future. 'But is the pear ripe?' said the diplomatist. 'The pear is ripe if we have courage to pluck it,' said Lord Marney; 'but our fellows have no pluck.' 'But do you think that the Duke of Wellington—' and here the diplomatist stopped and looked up in Lord Marney's face, as if he would convey something that he would not venture to express. 'Here he is,' said Lord Marney, 'he will answer the question himself.' Lord Deloraine and Mr. Ormsby passed by; the diplomatist addressed them: 'You have not been to the chamber?' 'No,' said Lord Deloraine; 'but I hear there is hot work. It will be late.' 'Do you think—' said the diplomatist, and he looked up in the

face of Lord Deloraine. 'I think that in the long run everything will have an end,' said Lord Deloraine. 'Ah!' said the diplomatist. 'Bah!' said Lord Deloraine as he walked away with Mr. Ormsby. 'I remember that fellow—a sort of equivocal attaché at Paris, when we were there with Monmouth at the peace: and now he is a quasi ambassador, and ribboned and starred to the chin.' 'The only stars I have got,' said Mr. Ormsby demurely, 'are four stars in India stock.' Lady Firebrace and Lady Maud Fitz-Warene were announced: they had just come from the Commons; a dame and damsel full of political enthusiasm. Lady Firebrace gave critical reports, and disseminated many contradictory estimates of the result; Lady Maud talked only of a speech made by Lord Milford, which from the elaborate noise she made about it, you would have supposed to have been the oration of the evening; on the contrary, it had lasted only a few minutes, and in a thin house had been nearly inaudible; but then, as Lady Maud added, 'it was in such good taste!' Alfred Mountchesney and Lady Joan Fitz-Warene passed Lady Marney, who was speaking to Lord Deloraine. 'Do you think,' said Lady Marney, 'that Mr. Mountchesney will bear away the prize?' Lord Deloraine shook his head. 'These great heiresses can never make up their minds. The bitter drop rises in all their reveries.' 'And yet,' said Lady Marney, 'I would just as soon be married for my money as my face.' Soon after this there was a stir in the saloons; a murmur, the ingress of many gentlemen: among others Lord Valentine, Lord Milford, Mr. Egerton, Mr. Berners, Lord Fitz-Heron, Mr. Jermyn. The House was up; the great Jamaica division was announced; the radicals had thrown over the government, who, left in a majority of only five, had already intimated their sense of the unequivalency of the House with respect to them. It was known that on the morrow the government would resign. Lady Deloraine, prepared for the great result, was calm: Lady St. Julians, who had not anticipated it, was in a wild flutter of distracted triumph. A vague yet dreadful sensation came over her in the midst of her joy, that Lady Deloraine had been beforehand with her; had made her combinations with the new minister; perhaps even sounded the court. At the same time that in this agitating vision the great offices of the palace which she had apportioned to herself and her husband, seemed to elude her grasp, the claims and hopes and interests of her various children haunted her perplexed consciousness. What if Charles Egremont were to get the place which she had projected for Frederick or Augustus? What if Lord Marney became master of the horse? Or Lord Deloraine went again to Ireland? In her nervous excitement she credited all these catastrophes: seized upon 'the Duke' in order that Deloraine might not gain his ear, and resolved to get home as soon as possible, in order that she might write without a moment's loss of time to Sir Robert. 'They will hardly go out without making some peers,' said Sir Vavasour Firebrace to Mr. Jermyn. 'Why they have made enough.' 'Hem! I know Tubbe Swete has a promise, and so has Cockawhoop. I don't think Cockawhoop could show again at Boodle's without a coronet.' 'I don't see why these fellows should go out,' said Mr. Ormsby. 'What does it signify whether ministers have a majority of five, or ten or twenty? In my time, a proper majority was a third of the House. That was Lord Liverpool's majority. Lord Monmouth used to say that there were ten families in this country who, if they could only agree, could always share the government. Ah! those were the good old times! We never had adjourned debates then; but sate it out like gentlemen who had been used all their lives to be up all night, and then supped at Watier's afterwards.' 'Ah! my dear Ormsby,' said Mr. Berners, 'do not mention Watier's; you make my mouth water.' 'Shall you stand for Birmingham, Ormsby, if there be a dissolution?' said Lord Fitz-Heron. 'I have been asked,' said Mr. Ormsby; 'but the House of Commons is not the House of Commons of my time, and I have no wish to re-enter it. If I had a taste for business, I might be a member of the Marylebone vestry.' 'All I repeat,' said Lord Marney to his mother, as he rose from the sofa where he had been some time in con-

versation with her, 'that if there be any idea that I wish Lady Marney should be a lady in waiting, it is an error, Lady Deloraine. I wish that to be understood. I am a domestic man, and I wish Lady Marney to be always with me; and what I want I want for myself. I hope in arranging the household the domestic character of every member of it will be considered. After all that has occurred the country expects that.' 'But my dear George, I think it is really premature.' 'I dare say it is; but I recommend you, my dear mother, to be alive. I heard Lady St. Julians just now in the supper room asking the Duke to promise her that her Augustus should be a Lord of the Admiralty.'

This long extract will serve, in place of more laboured explanation, to inform the reader that beside news of the Chartist riots, he will, from 'Sybil,' gain some insight into the far-famed Bedchamber resignation. Who could have dreamed that so recent an event would have already taken its place, among the novelist's subjects, with the historical cup of tea of the days of Masham and Marlborough?

We leave the grave and more disquisitional passages which these volumes contain, to the daily journals. On the whole, whatever, as artistic critics, we may think and feel of the expediency of thus mixing up the philosopher's subjects of observation, and the politician's objects of effort, with the mere novelist's tinsel,—'Sybil,' like 'Coningsby,' is welcome, if taken as a sign of the times—a sign that the relations of rich and poor—the enlargement of the former's sympathies and the amelioration of the latter's misery,—are becoming matters of interest. Even if benevolence, and generosity, and liberality, are traded in (as the most simple cannot but suspect), the very fact that they are marketable, says something for the health and progress of Mankind.

The Mabinogion, Part VI., containing Branwen the Daughter of Llŷr, Manawyddan the Son of Llŷr, and Math the Son of Mathonwy. With an English translation, and Notes, by Lady C. Guest. Longman & Co.

THE second and third stories in the Part before us form a sequel to the tale of 'Pwyll Prince of Dyved,' heretofore reviewed [No. 848]; while the first, which seems intended for the connecting link, relates the fortunes of Branwen, or Bronwen, "the white bosomed," one of the most celebrated of Welsh heroines, both for her beauty and misfortunes, and whose story has probably some historical foundation.

This tale opens in the usual straightforward manner. Branwen's brother, "Bendigeid Vran, was crowned king of this island, and he was exalted from the crown of London. And one afternoon he was at Harlech, at his court, and he sat upon the rock of Harlech, looking over the sea." While there he perceived a fleet of thirteen ships, gaily decked with flags of satin, coming from Ireland. "And behold, one of the ships outstripped the others, and they saw a shield lifted up above the side of the ship, and the point of the shield was upwards, in token of peace." This armament belonged to Matholwch, King of Ireland, and his errand was to demand Branwen in marriage. The brother forthwith gives his consent, without waiting to consult the damsel, who, however, makes no subsequent objection; the alliance therefore was concluded, and the marriage feast held. Meantime the king's half brother, Eynissyen, whose character was, "that he would cause strife between his brothers," came, and seeing the retinue, inquired the cause. On being told, he was wroth that his half sister should have been married without his being consulted, so in revenge he maims the King of Ireland's horses, "and rendered them useless." When tidings of this outrage are brought to Bendigeid Vran, he is very anxious to conciliate the king:—

"Truly," said he, "there are no means by which we may prevent his going away at enmity with us, that we will not take." "Well, lord," said they, "send after him another embassy." "I will do so," said he. "Arise Manawyddan son of Llyr, and Heveydd Hir, and Unic Glew Ysgwyd, and go after him, and tell him that he shall have a sound horse for every one that has been injured. And beside that, as an atonement for the insult, he shall have a staff of silver, as large and as tall as himself, and a plate of gold of the breadth of his face. And shew unto him who it was that did this, and that it was done against my will; but that he who did it is my brother, by the mother's side, and therefore it would be hard for me to put him to death. And let him come and meet me," said he, "and we will make peace in any way he may desire."

The compensation here offered to the Irish king is in strict accordance with the laws of Howel Dda, and as these laws were collected from old traditional usages in the tenth century, we have an incidental proof of the high antiquity of these stories. King Matholwch accepts this compensation, and another feast is made:—

"And Matholwch and Bendigeid Vran began to discourse; and behold it seemed to Bendigeid Vran, while they talked, that Matholwch was not so cheerful as he had been before. And he thought that the chieftain might be sad because of the smallness of the atonement which he had, for the wrong that had been done him. 'Oh man,' said Bendigeid Vran, 'thou dost not discourse to-night so cheerfully as thou wert wont. And if it be because of the smallness of the atonement, thou shalt add thereto whatsoever thou mayest choose, and to-morrow I will pay thee the horses.' 'Lord,' said he, 'Heaven reward thee.' 'And I will enhance the atonement,' said Bendigeid Vran, 'for I will give unto thee a cauldron, the property of which is, that if one of thy men be slain to-day, and be cast therein, to-morrow he will be as well as ever he was at the best, except that he will not regain his speech.' And thereupon he gave him great thanks, and very joyful was he for that cause."

This magic cauldron seems to lead us into Scandinavia, where the Asi possessed similar ones, and which Odin taught them to use. We find, however, a story told of a race of necromancers who once invaded Ireland, who had also this power of resuscitating dead bodies, and who were said to have come from Asia; we may, therefore, consider this magic cauldron to have been the common property of those early races who passed into Europe from the plains of the Caucasus.

The King of Ireland and his bride now take their departure, and for two years Branwen "passed her time pleasantly, enjoying honour and friendship." At the end of this period the king's foster brothers reproach him with having too easily forgiven the insult he received in Wales.

"And he might have no peace by reason of the tumult until they should revenge upon him this disgrace. And the vengeance which they took was to drive away Branwen from the same chamber with him, and to make her cook for the court; and they caused the butcher, after he had cut up the meat, to come to her and give her every day a blow on the ear, and such they made her punishment. 'Verily, lord,' said his men to Matholwch, 'forbid now the ships and the ferry boats and the coracles, that they go not into Wales, and such as come over from Wales hither, imprison them that they go not back for this thing to be known there.' And he did so; and it was thus for no less than three years. And Branwen reared a starling in the cover of the kneading trough, and she taught it to speak, and she taught the bird what manner of man her brother was. And she wrote a letter of her woes, and the despatch with which she was treated, and she bound the letter to the root of the bird's wing, and sent it towards Wales. And the bird came to this island, and one day it found Bendigeid Vran at Caer Seiont in Arvon, concurring there, and it alighted upon his shoulder and ruffled its feathers, so that the letter was seen, and

they knew that the bird had been reared in a domestic manner."

In the foregoing extract we have a curious specimen of the way in which the old legend becomes gradually modernized. As Branwen "taught the bird to speak, and taught it what manner of man her brother was," there could have been no need of writing a letter, even if the poor degraded queen had possessed aught so valuable and scarce in those days as writing materials. But the *dove*, with the letter tied under its wing, was a favourite incident with the *trouvères*; and therefore, doubtless, in accordance with the taste of a later age, the transcriber of the original story superadded the letter. We have remarked this incident, because we have met with many instances in which a curious legend has been too hastily pronounced a fiction, merely in consequence of these modern interpolations, which, like the churchwardens' whitewash, have been added to conceal the venerable original.

Bendigeid Vran "grieved exceedingly at the tidings of Branwen's woes," and he summoned "sevenscore and four countries to come unto him, and he complained to them himself of the grief that his sister endured." There are few things that have struck us more in these tales than the perfect keeping in the conduct of these Welsh kings with the historical accounts of them. There is no pure despotism here like as in eastern tales, where the caliph's mere signal was sufficient; no royal doings, such as many of the chivalric romances present, where the king commands his seneschal to display his banner, and the feudatories flock to it without delay or question; but these assembled warriors, after the king had detailed his case, "took counsel, and in the counsel they resolved to go to Ireland, and to leave seven men as princes here." Free principles took an early root in our soil. The host sail towards Ireland; but Bendigeid Vran, who we now find was a giant, stalks across the Channel, and on the host landing, he kindly proffers himself as a temporary bridge for the men to pass over a rapid river in pursuit of Matholwch, who seems to have been a cowardly fellow, and his nobles. A parley is held, and the king offers to give up the kingdom to his young son, and also to build a house for this giant brother-in-law, who "never before had a house to contain him":—

"And he took counsel, and in the council it was resolved that he should accept this, and this was all done by the advice of Branwen, and lest the country should be destroyed. And this peace was made, and the house was built both vast and strong. But the Irish planned a crafty device, and the craft was that they should put brackets on each side of the hundred pillars that were in the house, and should place a leathern bag on each bracket, and an armed man in every one of them. Then Evnissyen came in before the host of the Island of the Mighty, and scanned the house with fierce and savage looks, and descried the leathern bags which were around the pillars. 'What is in this bag?' asked he of one of the Irish. 'Meal, good soul,' said he. And Evnissyen felt about it until he came to the man's head, and he squeezed the head until he felt his fingers meet together in the brain through the bone. And he left that one and put his hand upon another, and asked what was therein? 'Meal,' said the Irishman. So he did the like unto every one of them, until he had not left alive of all the two hundred men save one only; and when he came to him, he asked what was there? 'Meal, good soul,' said the Irishman. And he felt about until he felt the head, and he squeezed that head as he had done the others. And albeit he found that the head of this one was armed, he left him not until he had killed him. And then he sang an Englyn,—

There is in this bag a different sort of meal,
The ready combatant, when the assault is made
By his fellow warriors, prepared for battle."

The contending armies now enter this mighty

house; but Evnissyen having treacherously and cruelly killed Branwen's child, a fierce battle ensues:—

"Then the Irish kindled a fire under the cauldron of renovation, and they cast the dead bodies into the cauldron until it was full, and the next day they came forth fighting men as good as before, except that they were not able to speak. Then when Evnissyen saw the dead bodies of the men of the Island of the Mighty no where resuscitated, he said in his heart, 'Alas! woe is me, that I should have been the cause of bringing the men of the Island of the Mighty into so great a strait. Evil betide me if I find not a deliverance therefrom.' And he cast himself among the dead bodies of the Irish, and two unshod Irishmen came to him, and taking him to be one of the Irish, flung him into the cauldron. And he stretched himself out in the cauldron, so that he rent the cauldron into four pieces, and burst his own heart also. In consequence of that, the men of the Island of the Mighty obtained such success as they had; but they were not victorious, for only seven men of them all escaped, and Bendigeid Vran himself was wounded in the foot with a poisoned dart."

When dying, Bendigeid commands the seven men to cut off his head, "and bear it even unto the White Mount in London, and bury it there with the face towards France":—

"So they cut off his head, and these seven went forward therewith. And Branwen was the eighth with them, and they came to land at Aber Alaw, in Talebolyon, and they sat down to rest. And Branwen looked towards Ireland and towards the Island of the Mighty, to see if she could descry them. 'Alas,' said she, 'woe is me that I was ever born; two Islands have been destroyed because of me! Then she uttered a loud groan and there broke her heart. And they made her a four-sided grave and buried her upon the banks of the Alaw. Then the seven men journeyed forward towards Harlech, bearing the head with them. * * Then they went on to Harlech, and there stopped to rest, and they provided meat and liquor, and sat down to eat and to drink. And there came three birds, and began singing unto them a certain song, and all the songs they had ever heard were unpleasant compared thereto; and the birds seemed to them to be at a great distance from them over the sea, yet they appeared as distinct as if they were close by; and at this repeat they continued seven years. And at the close of the seventh year, they went forth to Gwaels in Penfro. And there they found a fair and regal spot overlooking the ocean; and a spacious hall was therein. And they went into the hall, and two of its doors were open, but the third door was closed, that which looked towards Cornwall. 'See, yonder,' said Manawyddan, 'is the door that we may not open.' And that night they regaled themselves and were joyful. And of all they had seen of food laid before them, and of all they had heard of, they remembered nothing; neither of that, nor of any sorrow whatsoever. And there they remained fourscore years, unconscious of having ever spent a time more joyous and mirthful. And they were not more weary than when first they came, neither did they, any of them, know the time they had been there. And it was not more irksome to them having the head with them, than if Bendigeid Vran had been with them himself. * * One day said Heilyn the son of Gwynn, 'Evil betide me, if I do not open the door to know if that is true which is said concerning it.' So he opened the door and looked towards Cornwall and Aber Henvelen. And when they had looked, they were as conscious of all the evils they had ever sustained, and of all the friends and companions they had lost, and of all the misery that had befallen them, as if all had happened in that very spot; and especially of the fate of their lord. And because of their perturbation they could not rest, but journeyed forth with the head towards London. And they buried the head in the White Mount, and when it was buried, this was the third goodly concealment; and it was the third ill-fated disclosure when it was disinterred, inasmuch as no invasion from across the sea came to this Island, while the head was in that concealment. And thus is the story related of those who journeyed over from Ireland."

Thus ends this curious old story—one that

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has claims on our attention beyond many others, inasmuch as Bendigeid Vran, the fable of whose giant size may have originated in his intellectual superiority and personal strength, is believed to have been an actual British king, and father of the celebrated Caractacus. Various ancient Welsh documents corroborate the incidents recorded of him in this tale, especially of the burial of his head; while an interesting discovery, in 1813, seems to point out the heroine also as a person who had actual existence. In this year, a farmer living on the banks of the Alaw, a river in the Isle of Anglesea, having observed a stone or two peeping through the turf of a low mound near the river, removed the turf and a considerable heap of stones, when he discovered "a cist formed of coarse flags, canted, and covered over." On removing the lid, he found an urn of rude workmanship, containing ashes, and half-calcined bones. The report of this discovery flew abroad, and then it was remembered that the spot where the ashes were found was called "Ynys Bronwen," or the Islet of Bronwen, and that this heroine was said to have been buried on the banks of the Alaw, "in a square grave." Little doubt, therefore, remains that the square cist *vaen* of flag-stones, and the rude British urn, contained her remains, and that the story of Branwen, which, although once told by the bard, had now, in the lapse of ages, become a mere nursery tale, was, divested of its supernatural adjuncts, a veritable episode of early British history.

Lady C. Guest is of opinion, that under the name of the Gwynvryn, or White Mount, allusion is most probably intended to the Tower of London. But the term "Mount" seems to indicate a natural hill; and if White Mount refers to any such hill, or building on it, the site of the Tower is opposed to her conjecture. We are disposed, therefore, to believe that the White Mount must have been where the early Saxon fortress and palace stood, at or a little southward of St. Paul's—a situation even now higher than any part of the ancient city, and where there is reason to believe the Romans fixed their head-quarters.

Scenes and Adventures in Spain from 1835 to 1840. By Poco Mas. 2 vols. Bentley.

This work should have appeared earlier. As the greater part of it relates to Espartero, it should not have been delayed beyond 1843, when that celebrated general and statesman was expelled by an ungrateful country, or we should rather say, by a strong political and military faction. Yet though this consideration will doubtless operate against its sale, its value, be the amount what it may, cannot be much influenced by the circumstance. Truth is truth, let it be published whenever it may; and the question of time has little to do with the nature of the facts.

The value of the work, however, arises almost entirely from the author's connexion with Espartero, on whose staff he served (probably as a volunteer) during the eventful period that preceded and witnessed the expulsion of Don Carlos from Spain. He is a true soldier—ready to break a head, or risk his own, from the mere love of the thing; generous to the vanquished, and enthusiastically attached to the party which he has espoused. Powers of reflection he has none; he evidently considers it his business to act, not to think; nor is he much indebted to the schoolmaster. He confesses that though in his boyhood he had some thirst for knowledge, the beverage was denied him. Nothing like style therefore must be expected from him. These are two great defects; nor are they compensated by the power of acute observation—a power which sometimes distinguishes half-edu-

cated men, and makes us forget their deficiencies in other respects. Yet his book is not without interest, independent of his connexion with the Duke of Victory. He is evidently at home wherever his lot is cast. The simple manners of the lower orders in Spain (the only class in which the genuine national character is to be found) have peculiar charms for him; and as wherever he goes his temper obtains for him the good opinion of everybody, he is sure to be happy, and the means of happiness for the time being to others. In like manner, he is willing that his readers should be satisfied with him. He may not have much of value to offer, but what little he has, he offers with so frank a heart and so cheerful a pen, that few will be so churlish as to bid him keep it to himself.

Our author entered Spain from France by way of Urdoz, in the spring of 1835, and proceeded towards Saragoza. At the village of Anzanigo, a few miles from Jaca, he finds that the rustic inhabitants were celebrating the festival of St. Agatha. The sounds of the guitar, the fiddle, and the triangle, had charms for him; and he "entered fully into the spirit of the scene;" and made himself so agreeable to the villagers, that they would have him to frisk it also with a young girl to the "Jota Aragonesa," or national air of Arragon. To be sure he knew nothing of the dance or of the tune; but this was no disadvantage; it only rendered him more agreeable, and shouts of "Viva el Ingles!" filled the posada. At his departure, young men and damsels joined in the prayer that St. Agatha would be his guide and defence. Such a fellow as this is born to travel;—it is his natural element.

At Saragoza, our author (who may truly say with the cockney, "When at Rome, I do as Rome does!" or what is the same thing, "I think as Rome thinks") appears to be quite edified by the sight of the pillar which Our Lady "accompanied by angels and cherubims," brought one fine night from Jerusalem to the capital of Arragon. If ladies were not somewhat proverbial for freaks, one might wonder why "her royal highness" (as she is sometimes styled by her worshippers) should have pitched upon such a place. Perhaps she was jealous of the fame which she foresaw the apostle St. James would enjoy in the most orthodox of kingdoms; and anxious that her own shrine should have as many pilgrims as Compostella. The goldsmiths of the place, in imitation of their predecessors at Ephesus, grew rich by the manufacture of images in honour of Diana, and are therefore very devout. Of course they are highly praised by our traveller. He is inclined also to be on very good terms with the people of Ausejo, arrieros (*i. e.* smugglers) though they were. As it was no business of his to mind custom-house dues, but to eat and drink, sing and dance, he could not go to a wrong place, so long as he had a full purse. This said small town of Ausejo had ten curas, (nine too many) or parochial clergymen, of whom five were Carlist and five Constitutional. At the house of one of the latter he lodged,—one that had been a cavalry officer, under Mina in the war of independence. "Is Lord Wellington still living?" inquired the cura. "Yes." "He is a great man and a great general, but—he is not a liberal!"—

"Why do you say so, Señor Cura?" "I'll tell you. In the war of independence I happened to be with my squadron—I was a cavalry officer—in a village when Lord Wellington arrived unexpectedly at nightfall with his staff. This occasioned a great bustle of course. Stabling was scant in the place; and some of the horses of my squadron were removed to make room for others belonging to the General's party. Complaints were made to me; I remonstrated with those who had so unceremoniously ejected my horses, but to no effect. I was then

young and rather hot-headed, Señor; so off I went to Lord Wellington's quarters, and asked to speak to him. I was instantly admitted. I stated my case vehemently; and in the warmth of my complaint spoke of our sacred cause, the Constitution we were defending, &c. &c. El Lor heard me very patiently until I came to the word Constitution, when he said sharply, "Never mind the Constitution, let us see what can be done about the horses;" and he directed an aide-de-camp to go with me and see that everything should be arranged to my satisfaction; which was the case."

Most likely the British general made use of an expression somewhat more characteristic than "Never mind the Constitution!" or the cura would scarcely have inferred from the words that he was an enemy to it. But still more probably, as the guest of his reverence observed, no more was meant than that the general would "confuse himself to the business before him."

At Pamplona our author joined the army of the North, then under the command of General Cordova, and marched with it across the Ebro into Castile. The march, owing to the intense heat and the want of water, was a most harassing one—proving fatal to forty men in a single division, and within the space of a few miles. Yet nothing could exceed the devotion of the soldiery to the cause which they had espoused—that of pursuing the Carlists. As one foot soldier was sinking, a cavalry soldier was desired to dismount, and exchange places with him for a short time. But the sufferer obstinately refused to encroach on the rights of his comrade; he knew, he said, his post, and walked on until he was forced to lie down, to rise no more. A second, in a situation little different, was exhorted to deliver his musket to a stronger comrade; he replied, that it was easier for him to carry one musket than for the other to carry two; and he also paid the penalty of his magnanimity. At Léirin, there was water enough, the rain falling in torrents; but the weather and fatigue were fatal to many more. The activity of the Spanish officers—and of Cordova himself—in hastening from their own warm quarters, before they could have time to change their wet garments, in search of the fainting men amidst the still descending storm, was no less honourable to them. It is pleasing to dwell on such traits: they illustrate the nature of the spirit which animated all ranks of the army.

At Miranda del Ebro, which the army soon reached after leaving Léirin, the church was turned into a use little expected by the founders—into a depot of provisions. The centre was covered with sides of fat bacon; the aisles were filled with sacks of flour, rice, or peas; while barrels of Irish beef and pork formed a kind of barricade against the covetousness of intruders. The floor of the choir was adorned with goodly hams; and our author will have it that one of them, which he found secreted among the books read in the daily service, had been stolen by some hungry priest, and he exclaims: "Oh that such doings should happen in a church!" This very church was afterwards the scene of a more ludicrous affair. It was on a high festival, when the military were assembled at mass, with their arms by their sides, as is usual in time of civil war. It was very edifying to witness the devotion of the bronzed veterans; but this emotion was succeeded by another of a different character:—

"In the organ-loft—now bereft of its savoury adornments—was seated on the music-stool a Corporal of infantry dressed in his loose grey coat, with his cartridge-box suspended from his cross-belts, his back being towards the church, and his hands suspended over the keys. Suddenly, at a particular part of the service when the organ is usually played, the Corporal struck up the *Tragala*, a popular patriotic air, the chorus of the song being, '*Tragala, tragala, tragala!*—Swallow it—swallow it—swallow it!' that is, the Constitution; the whole song consisting of a droll

set of taunts to the Carlists, telling them they must gulp down the Constitution whether they liked it or not. The poor soldiers, who were crossing themselves with due reverence as prescribed by the ritual, found their fancies so tickled by the *Tragala*, that they made the most ludicrous efforts to suppress their laughter—in a great many instances without effect. The Corporal kept playing away with the whole of the stops, trumpet and all, pulled out, until the commanding officer sent a subaltern to desire him to desist; upon which he pushed back the noisy stops and struck up Riego's Hymn in very good style, and thus relieved the soldiers from their sufferings. The circumstance of the Corporal's being able to play the organ may be explained by the fact, that as the *quinta*, or conscription, embraced all classes, there were many young men of good family, education, and accomplishments among the non-commissioned officers."

At Santander, our author as an Englishman was addressed by the boys in a new way:—

"A ragged boy ran after me holding out his small begrimed hand, and crying, 'I say, penny!' Upon giving him a trifle, the little fellow leaped for joy, and having thanked me by saying, 'Gracias, Señor,' ran off. Presently a swarm of tiny ragamuffins hovered and buzzed about me more closely than was quite agreeable, all crying, 'I say, penny!' Suddenly I threw among them a few *quartos*, and whilst they were scrambling, I plunged into a down hill street and made my escape. The little urchins had caught up the expression 'I say' from the soldiers of the Legion, as well as the word 'penny.' I imagine they thought 'I say' meant Englishman; for I observed afterwards that our countrymen of the Legion were in the habit of addressing each other in that way. Some Lancers cleaning their horses outside their stables, were heard addressing one another in the following manner: 'I say, Tom, just lend me your currycomb, will you?' His neighbour looks at him queerly for an instant, then turning to another comrade exclaims, 'I say, what do you think? Dick Smith wants me to lend him my currycomb; not I, indeed!' 'I say, you're a shabby fellow,' cries a third. 'Here, Dick!' Dick is rubbing down his horse with his hand as well as he can; he does not hear his good-natured companion, who at length shouts, 'I say, Dick, here's a currycomb for you,' and throws it to him. So much for the origin of the expression 'I say' used by the juvenile mendicants of Santander when addressing Englishmen."

At one village, our traveller and a military companion are accommodated at the cura's house,—the only *venta* in the place being full. His reverence had a very handsome *ama*, or housekeeper, who attentively waited on the cura at table, "pointing out with tender interest any tit-bit she thought he would like," or, taking "his fork gently from his hand, conveyed the said delicate morsel to his plate herself!" Then the diligence with which she filled his glass with wine, reminds us of Sterne's exclamation, "Oh that I were a friar!"

We have alluded to the want of learning in our author: in proof of it, we may adduce his long extract of some thirty pages from Southey's 'Chronicle of the Cid.' As the subject is novel to himself, he takes it for granted that it is equally so to his readers. But we have a still more notable proof of it at Madrid, when he visits the famous Royal Library, so well known to every general scholar:—

"The *Biblioteca Nacional* contains many treasures which yet remain to be brought to light; at least to my crude imagination it so appears; for truth to tell, though from my boyhood I had a thirst for knowledge, and an intuitive perception of its pleasures and advantages, the fountain became turbid, just when my youthful lips were inviting its invigorating stream, and therefore I cannot descant upon the merits of the volumes and other valuable contents of the *Biblioteca de Madrid*. But I visited it with an erudite and intelligent friend; and, in company with the director, saw enough to convince me that I was in a rich storehouse of learning. The searcher after Arabic lore would, I imagine, find here wherewithal to gratify his inquiring spirit."

Books are not to our traveller's taste. If a dance had been on the *tapis*, he would have given us an account long and accurate enough, especially if there had been young damsels to join him. But it is impossible to be out of humour with one that takes so good care never to be out of humour himself.

At Madrid, he sees enough of the universal *empleomania*, or struggle for official employment, to convince him of the dangers that must attend any university, save such as rule by the sword:

"The wearing malady which is continually gnawing the heart's-core of Spain is what is aptly termed *empleomania*, or the rage for place. It pervades every class of society, not only in the capital, but all over the kingdom. So long as this mania shall last, so long will the country be at the mercy of adventurers. There is always a mass of people called *césantes*, that is, those out of place, grumbling, threatening, conspiring, and, in a majority of instances, so successfully, that if a ministry remain in power six months it is quite a wonder. When they go out great numbers of their *empleados* become *césantes*, and consequently begin undermining the new ministerial fabric. Every cabinet commences by undoing what his predecessor had done."

This is a melancholy state of things, especially when we add that the posts so eagerly pursued are, when obtained, unable to maintain the successful intriguer if he has a family. As a necessary consequence, bribes are received to augment his inadequate salary; and thus corruption flourishes.

The ease with which the thirty-nine monasteries, and most of the thirty-three convents, of Madrid—to say nothing of the innumerable foundations of the kind in other parts of Spain—were abolished, in the most Catholic of countries, has excited much surprise in England:—

"With our preconceived notions of Spanish attachment to ancient institutions and usages, and of the influence exercised by the monks over the minds of a large portion of the population, one might have felt justified in supposing that this measure would have created much agitation among the *Madridenses*, as the inhabitants of Madrid are styled: not at all—people shrugged their shoulders, a good deal of quizzing took place, and in a few days afterwards, I saw several carts laden with the figures of saints and martyrs, fronts of altars, and other adornments of chapels and choirs, of little intrinsic value, all heaped together, and being removed to a general receptacle previously to a sale. One of the largest convents, I forget its name, was immediately converted into a depot for military clothing and accoutrements, in the making of which great numbers of women and artisans were employed. The edifices and appurtenances were speedily put up for sale, by order of government, as national property, and there was no hanging back in point of bidders. The appearance of a friar in the streets of Madrid would, no doubt, excite almost as much astonishment now as a similar apparition would in those of London."

It is not difficult to account for this change of feeling. The establishments in question had ceased to answer the ends of their original institution. They were become the abodes,—not of piety, still less of learning, but of useless observances, or of inveterate laziness; while many were reported to be no less the haunts of vice. This at least is certain, that the mendicant friars were in bad odour, and as they swarmed in every part of the country, their irregularities brought a deep reproach on the whole monastic system. Hence the fury with which they were sacrificed by the populace of Madrid when the cholera first appeared, on the pretext that they had poisoned the fountains of the city. Absurd as the charge may be, it proves at least the kind of opinion entertained of the order by the public at large. It is odd that the most priest-ridden people in Europe should, on certain occasions, treat with such violence persons and things they have been taught most to venerate. Within these few years, the statues of martyrs and

saints have been dragged by ropes along the streets, amidst the huzzas of the populace, and thrown into the common sewers. The present generation, having no longer the fear of the Inquisition before their eyes, will soon lose much of their reverence for the mementos of a darker age.

Nor is it less clear that reverence for other institutions is fast decaying. The conduct of the Queen-mother, and to a certain extent of her daughter, has done more to bring royalty into contempt, than all the theoretical arguments of republicans. The one seems to have nothing in character or conduct to inspire us with respect; the latter, if report be true, is likely to become a perfect adept in dissimulation. It is said that both are endeavouring to restore the old order of things,—the worst abuses of the altar and the throne. Of their willingness to do so, there can be no reasonable doubt; and many would not be sorry to see them make the attempt, for then every sane mind would expect to see them prostrated by the storm so wantonly raised. But they can hardly be so desperate. One of them, at least, must know something of public feeling, despite the efforts of the Camarilla to misrepresent it; and unless her reason entirely leaves her, or she is blinded by passion to the destruction before her, she will not think of restoring the tithes, or the confiscated landed property of the church,—still less will she dream of restoring the despotism of the throne. All her steps, and those of the government connected with her, are narrowly watched by the republicans, now a formidable party. She has already gone too far against them; yet they would be glad enough to see her go much farther—to such lengths that in the eyes of Europe they might be justified in overturning the throne. We have assuredly no wish to hear of such a result; but we cannot shut our eyes to it. Not all the expected intervention of France—Christina's only hope—would save either herself or her daughter from being swept away by the flood of destruction. "With how little wisdom are the affairs of this world governed!" is now the universal cry of men much less acute than the Swedish chancellor.

In the spring of 1836, our author left Madrid to join the army in the North, then under Espartero. We cannot follow him through the military movements which, at the time, created so strong a sensation both in Spain and England. But we have great reason to join in the praise everywhere bestowed on the Spanish generalissimo, whose conduct was patriotic, and dictated by sound military experience. The raising of the siege of Bilbao (early in 1837) was ominous to the Carlists. In fact, their exactions had recently been severely felt; and there was great indignation at the numerous deceptions which they had practised on the simple inhabitants of Biscay. Here is a ludicrous proof of it. Having presented his billet one evening to a young woman with a child in her arms, our author was greatly surprised at her agitation. She clasped her infant to the breast, looked at him in a terrible fright, and would not for some time answer one of his questions. Seeing that something uncommon was the matter, he drew nearer, to inspire her with confidence. Worse and worse,—she had no longer a doubt that he was preparing to eat her child, as the Carlists had assured her; and she started back with horror:—

"'Quita usted!—quita!—Hands off, Sir!—hands off!' Starting back with astonishment, I cried, 'Qué es eso, Señora?—What's the matter, Señora?' 'Ay, Señor! por Dios y por la Virgen Santísima! Mi niña!—mi niña!—Ah, Señor! for the love of God, and of the most holy Virgin! my child!—my child!' and she hugged it closer and

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closer. "What do you mean, Señora?" I cried, keeping at a respectful distance to show that I had no evil intentions; and perceiving a low rush-bottomed chair at the other end of the room, I dropped down into it, and stared at the *patrona* with amazement. "No me mireis así!—Don't look at me in that way!" she cried; and in a second added, "¿Usted no es Español!—You are not a Spaniard!" "No, Señora; yo soy Ynglés.—I am an Englishman." "Ynglés!—Ay de mí!—An Englishman!—alas! for me!" exclaimed the poor woman in an agony, and then she kissed her infant repeatedly, the tears flowing from her eyes as she regarded it with maternal tenderness and anxiety. Seeing the distressed state of her feelings, and that I was the cause of her affliction and alarm, though I could not imagine why or wherefore, I entreated that she would compose herself, assuring her that as my presence appeared to be so painful to her, I would forthwith obtain another billet; and I rose to depart for that purpose. "Péro, Señor," said the agitated mother, drying her eyes with the corner of the cotton handkerchief which covered her head, and was tied in long folds under her chin. "Péro, Señor, do you eat babies?" "Eat babies, Señora?—*Qui idea!*—What a notion! Certainly not," and I laughed heartily. The *patrona* drew a long breath; her spirit was evidently relieved from a great weight. "Conqué—So, Señor, you don't devour babies!—Ay!—What a fright I have had!" "I assure you, Señora, I have no longing for babies' flesh, though no doubt it is very delicate; but I must go and exchange my billet." "No se vaya usted—don't go, Sir. I am no longer afraid. The Carlistas, Señor, who were lodged here, told me that Espartero had with him some *extrangéros*—foreigners, who ate children and smothered their mothers, Señor!—and as you were an *extrangéro*, I was frightened, especially when you looked so hard at me from that chair. But I see I have been deceived, and I beg your pardon."

Letters from a Landscape Painter. By the author of 'Essays for Summer Houses.' Boston (U.S.), Munroe & Co.; London, Wiley & Putnam.

HITHERTO, the only American landscape-painters we have known, have been Audubon, Wilson, Irving, Cooper, and the poets—though these last have too generally given us scenes from Tempe and Arcadia and other dream-lands rather than pictures of the Hudson and the Housatonic. The author of this little miscellany, however, is literally and in very deed, a "brother of the brush"—given to writing in that florid style of which we have occasional examples in our own exhibition catalogues. He indulges, too, in a vein of sentiment which is not altogether American. But though there is much to divert us in Mr. Lanman's book, something may be learned from it. In dealing, therefore, with these letters, we shall avoid their romantic or fantastic portions, and group together a fact or two, and some half-a-dozen names—since, by this means, we shall gain some additions to our knowledge of the progress of Painting in America. From a rhodomontade about 'Cole's Imaginative Paintings,' we are reminded of the fact, that this popular artist had the great misfortune to be born in England—"I would give my left arm," said the enthusiast, "could I but identify myself with America, by saying that I was born here." He has, however, the consolation of knowing that "as his parents, before his birth, had resided in the United States, it is with the fullest propriety that he is called an American painter." So be it. Yet it is hard for a nation to be quibbled out of such a genius—an artist to whom "none superior ever existed." "The number," continues Mr. Lanman, "of Cole's imaginative paintings is about twenty, and his actual views somewhere between fifty and a hundred." We shall contrive to thin out from Mr. Lanman's florid paragraphs, some account of one of King Cole's principal works;—"The Course of Empire," a series

of five paintings "representing," we are told somewhat mysteriously, "the history of a scene—an epitome of that of man!"—

"In the first picture we have a perfectly wild scene of rocks, mountains, woods, and a bay of the ocean, reposing in the luxuriance of a ripe Spring. The clouds of night are being dissipated by the beams of the rising sun. On the opposite side of the bay rises a lofty promontory, crowned by a singular isolated rock. * * As the same locality is preserved in each picture of the series, this rock identifies it, although the position of the spectator changes in the several pictures. * * In the foreground we see an Indian clothed in skins, pursuing a wounded deer, which is bounding down a narrow ravine. On a rock, in the middle ground, are other Indians, with their dogs, surrounding another deer. On the bosom of a little river below are a number of canoes passing down the stream, while many more are drawn up on the shore. On an elevation beyond these is a cluster of wigwams, and a number of Indians dancing round a fire. In this picture we have the first rudiments of society. * * In the second picture we have the Simple or Arcadian State of Society. The time of day is a little before noon, and the season early Summer. The 'untracked and rude' has been tamed and softened. Shepherds are tending their flocks; a solitary ploughman, with his oxen, is turning up the soil; and in the rude vessels passing into the haven of a growing village, and in the skeleton of a barque building on a shore, we perceive the commencement of Commerce. From a rude temple on a hill, the smoke of sacrifice is ascending to the sky, symbolizing the spirit of Religion. In the foreground, on the left hand, is seated an old man, who, by describing strange figures in the sand, seems to have made some geometrical discovery, demonstrating the infancy of Science. On the right is a woman with a distaff, about crossing a stone bridge; beside her, a boy is drawing on a stone the figure of a man with a sword; and beyond these, ascending the road, a soldier is partly seen. Under some noble trees, in the middle distance, are a number of peasants dancing to the music of pipe and timbrel."

Enough, perhaps, to satisfy the reader, that young King Cole is worthy of his great ancestor, and the critic worthy of both. We are tempted in turning over the leaves of Mr. Lanman's letters, by a gossiping chapter about "Burlington," with an inventory of its lions dead and alive, including Mr. Marsh with his collections—Judge Meech, the farmer "who weighs nearly four hundred pounds," and "a perfect counterpart in body as well as mind of the immortal Jack Falstaff"—and John H. Peck, the merchant, "a perfect gentleman, a lover of books and pictures, and the giver of glorious dinners." But have we not Pedlingtonian records of our own? So we will not loiter with our painter, save when he is talking professionally about art and the artists of "New York." This he does, as he informs us, "without respect to persons." His list includes the following names—led by Mr. Durand, "our best engraver of the human figure," who has also "executed some remarkable pictures in portraiture and fanciful history"—but has now given himself up to landscape. Mr. Huntington, who comes next, is a landscape artist: but more celebrated as a portrait and historical painter:—

"Of his portraits, the most superb are those of his father, an uncle and aunt, 'The Venetian Girl,' the 'Roman Girl,' and 'Shepherd Boy of the Campagna.' The last of these, which we think is equal to Murillo's 'Beggars,' was painted in the incredible short period of four hours. If this fact and this picture do not prove Huntington to be a wonderful genius, we do not know what could do so."

We thought the Americans singularly fortunate in possessing King Cole, equal, as we are told, to Leonardo, Michael, or Raffael—to whom, indeed, "none superior ever existed"—but here is a second surpassing genius who knocks off a thing in four hours "equal to Murillo's 'Beggars Boy.'"

Mr. Edmonds, the third on his list,—

"—occupies the responsible station of cashier in a bank, and is considered one of the ablest financiers in New York, while, at the same time, he enjoys a remarkable reputation as an artist."

Michael Angelo said that Art was a jealous mistress, and would accept no divided love. But this was in old-world times; the Americans know better. Mr. Edmonds, it appears, paints humorous subjects. His pictures (so moralizes our landscape-painter) "are intended to make you laugh, and are therefore agreeable helpers on to a long life." We come now to Mr. Page—the Denner or human "map-taker" of American citizens. We are told,—

"The man who sits to him for a likeness, must expect to have every hair on his face delineated to perfection, but must not expect to have himself exalted or intellectualized."

Mr. Page, too, has fancies of his own, it seems, if not poetical, at least prismatic:—

"His style of colouring is not easily described, for it varies with every one of his subjects, now as pale as death or red as a cherry, and now blue as sapphire or green as an emerald."

Yet Mr. Lanman winds up by declaring that, if he wished an accurate resemblance of himself to be handed down to the little Lanmans in *posse*, he "would rather have Page paint him than any other man." Mr. Mount, "the laughter-loving and incomparable genius of Stony Brook," is an artist of rare accomplishment, "a first-rate fisherman, and a most pathetic player on the violin":—

"His productions are stamped with an entirely American character, and so comically conceived, that they always cause the beholder to smile, whatever may be his troubles."

His works are described as choice, yet numerous.

Mr. Doughty is one of the *fa presto* race—though hardly equal in speed, we apprehend, to the above-mentioned distancer of Murillo. His style is landscape; and, if we mistake not, one of his works has found its way to the Pall Mall Exhibition-room. But rapidity of execution has, we regret to hear, brought on monotony, though "his skies and water are the most beautiful that we [Mr. Lanman] have ever seen," and his "atmosphere exquisitely conceived and executed." Here, again, it is obvious the old world must get rid of its prejudices about Claude and others.

Mr. Wier, the accomplished teacher of drawing at the Academy of West Point, seems, like many of his Transatlantic compeers, to fly at every game, save Scriptural or Religious Art. His portrait of 'Red Jacket' is commemorated as one of the things Mr. Lanman never means to forget. Mr. Inman, too, has a genius which cannot be cabined and confined. "There is not a single branch of the art in which he has not made some successful attempts." In further proof,—

"He has painted some poor pictures, and this is an evidence of the fact, that he is a man of uncommon genius, and not talent."

Notwithstanding the praise of Mr. Ingham, we had doubts of his originality—suspecting from Mr. Lanman's description that he painted in the tea-tray Birmingham fashion, until we read of his "soul painting." We forthwith made our bow in recognition of his supremacy. Such a man must be "celebrated and unique,"—quite original,—since, as Mr. Lanman philosophically observes,—

"The man who cannot conceive and execute a picture on his own hook entirely, is nothing but a copyist, whatever may be his knowledge of the art."

With a few words of criticism, or rather commendation, on Mr. Chapman, another universal genius, who "has executed first-rate pictures in almost every department of painting," and on Mr. Harvey, a landscape painter, many of whose

pictures are "unfortunately" "owned" in England, the list closes; and then Mr. Lanman blows his trumpet again for a crowning *fanfar-nade*:—

"Such is the array of painters, of which the emporium of America may well be proud. Fame must ever attend their names, as surely as it is attending those of West, Copley, &c.—altogether making a company which would reflect honour on any nation in the world."

Though it has been impossible not to smile occasionally at Mr. Lanman's enthusiasm, we seriously protest against being thought to laugh at the Painters of America. Honour to them—and to all Progress!

Life in Dalecarlia—[In *Dalekarlien*]. By Frederica Bremer. Leipsic, Brockhaus; London, Williams & Norgate.

Miss Bremer may now be considered to have taken her place among our most popular writers of fiction—to have been presented with the freedom of the circulating libraries; and her works are therefore no longer regarded with mere curiosity, as specimens of the productions of a foreign soil, but looked for eagerly by that rather ravenous portion of our dear public, the novel-readers, whose food, like that of other hungry creatures, is appointed for them in due season. Considering the welcome which most of its predecessors have received, we shall not be thought to pay any bad compliment to the new comer in saying that it bears a strong family likeness to several of them. There is the same poetical conception of every-day domestic life, the same charm and fragrance thrown over the simplest household scenes, and the same extravagance and want of keeping in what lies beyond these limits. Into the domains of poetry proper, it would seem, Miss Bremer has scarcely strength of wing to rise; but no one knows better how to light up a little "interior" with the loveliest gleams of colour from that radiant sphere.

The scene of the tale before us is Dalecarlia, or, as it is now called, Stora-Kopparberg, perhaps the most romantic and interesting province in all Sweden; and the story opens characteristically, with the celebration of the Walpurgis-night, on which, as is well known, witches are accustomed to hold "monster meetings," and when it especially behoves all prudent persons to be on their guard against the *cantrips* of auld Clootie and his adherents. In Germany, it is usually considered a sufficient precaution to run about with bundles of burning straw, fixed upon poles; but in Dalecarlia, it appears, it is, or was, necessary that fires should be lighted on the tops of all the mountains, in order to put to flight the powers of evil.

On the Oestnor hill a number of people were assembled, mostly peasants from the parish of Mora, in their grave and picturesque costume. At a little distance, on the summit, a group of persons, apparently of a superior class, stood waiting near a pile of wood, not yet kindled. They turned their looks somewhat impatiently in the direction of Mora, and at length, the little lively *Probstin* (provost's wife) of Sollero exclaimed, "There they are at last. There comes the *Grandmother of Dalom*," with her train. She is taking the arm of a young man, most likely her step-son, Olof, who is just come back from his travels with the young Count U. They say he is a fine young man, and I shall be right glad to make acquaintance with him. And what a pleasure it must be to his mother and father to see him again after an absence of five years—only unluckily, his father is not at home." "But he is expected back in a few days from the *Reichstag*," said the Captain from Noreberg, "and then we shall all see him again, and hear him preach, and one always likes to hear him." "If we were not likely to hear at the same time that

he is going to leave us soon," said the great fat parson of Sollero. "I've heard they want to make a bishop of him." "No doubt they want it," said an old Daleman, who had been listening to the conversation, "but I'll never believe that Gustav Nordenwall will leave us here in Mora when we love him like our own father. No! no! I don't believe a word of that." "And if I know anything of the Grandmother of Dalom," added the Provost's wife of Sollero, she will rather remain here in Mora than be the *Archbishopess* of Upsala, grand as she would be." "Ah, she's the woman!" said the Daleman. "She looks after the farming like a fine fellow; and then she's areal mother to all the sick and unfortunate. Last autumn, when the *Unfriede* (quarrelsome one)† came and took my cow, she gave me another, out of her own stall, that my children mightn't want for milk, she said. God bless her." "Yes, and she not only looks after the farm," said another, "so that her husband has nothing but his learned work and parish to attend to, but she plants trees, and cultivates flowers, and looks after the spinning and weaving, and sees to everything. And yet it all seems as easy as play."

During this conversation, the party whom it concerns has reached the top of the hill, amidst salutations from all sides.

"Now, children, look round," said the Grandmother of Dalom to her train, and a general admiring "Ah!" followed her words; for before them lay Lake Silian, the "eye of Dalecarlia," with the Sollero Island for its pupil, clear and bright as a mirror, and surrounded by dark heights, blazing with a hundred fires, from the mountains of Leksand to those of Elfvadale. It was a magnificent sight. The church of Mora, with its copper roof and high steeple, shone out in the ruddy light, from the verdant promontory between the lake and the river, and the Pyramids of the North, the evergreen pines, which clothe the mountains of Dalecarlia, and which were now in their fullest beauty, rose into the clear sky, their tops lit by the fiery cloud, while below, in the deep valleys and ravines, lay blackest night. The eyes of young Olof glistened with pleasure as he contemplated this spectacle, and his step-mother named to him, one after another, the most considerable hills. "There," said she, "is the Vasa Hill, there the Hydge Rocks, and the Gog's Hill, where a mighty spirit is said to have his abode. They are all in Elfvadale. There you see the fires of Orsa, and opposite to us we have the Leckhill, where the music and bells of invisible beings are heard; this way, across the lake, lies the—" "The Mittag Hill," interrupted Olof; "I know it again by its height and its pyramidal form. It is not unlike Vesuvius in shape." "Only that, instead of a fiery crater, it has a silvery cap on its summit," continued Fraa Ingeborg. "There you see the island of Sollero, with its white church, and there the mountains of Leksand. See! now they are kindling the fires of Rattwick, and I can hear their shouts. Is it not splendid here in our Dalecarlia, and have you ever, in any other country, seen anything like it?" "Nowhere in the whole world," was Olof's reply, "if one only calls to mind all the great recollections connected with it." * * A torch was now brought, with the request that the "Grandmother of Dalom" would kindle the fire upon the Oestnor's hill. She complied, and soon, from the pile of brushwood and tar-barrels, rose a high flickering column of flame, whilst shouts and cries, in various tones and dialects, rose with it into the air, and the men dragged from the forest great branches and logs, and threw them upon the fire, which the falling flakes of snow seemed to animate rather than to deaden."

Around this fire the provisions of the various parties are spread, the ale flows in ample measure, songs are sung, fiddles played, and then the whole company dance in a great circle round the glowing heap, and sing couplets appropriate to the occasion; having apparently made up their minds that they "won't go home till morning." The dawn of day is the signal for the conclusion of the festival, and "the grandmother" and her family take their leave.—

The peasants also retired in troops to their several dwellings, the fires gradually sunk and expired; but scarcely was their light extinguished, when another

† The bear, which the people of Dalecarlia do not like to call by his name.

began to glitter on the mountain tops, and chase away the darkness. In the valleys all was profoundly still. Sleep spread his pinions over weary man, and the frost let fall its cold mantle on the earth, and put out the last glimmering embers of the Walpurgis fires.

Siri, one of the step-daughters of the family introduced to our readers in the above extract, is a fantastic sort of personage, of the Undine class, not without touches of beauty and pathos, but rather too much a creature of the elements for the sober family group of which she is a member. Among other habits, belonging rather to the water sprite than the Swedish maiden of modern times, is that of absenting herself for hours together from her abode, diving like a fish in the deepest part of the Silian Lake, and wandering about mountain and forest, even in dark and stormy nights, playing the flute:—

"Where can she be gone to?" said Olof to Brigitta, one day as they met in the courtyard, mutually engaged in a search after Siri. "Ah, you may ask the wind that," was the reply; "she is never anywhere where she ought to be, and now my uncle's so angry, and my poor aunt has so much anxiety, and—here, my girl," said she, calling to one of the milkmaids just then crossing the yard, "have you seen Siri anywhere?" "I saw her some hours ago, riding along the side of the Mokarl hill," replied the girl.

"Let us go that way, perhaps we shall meet her," said Olof, and they proceeded in that direction accordingly. As they walked by the beautiful waters of the Silian Lake, and the river Elfvadale, Olof began to muse over his plans for the future. Foremost of all stood the wish to become, some day, proprietor of an iron-mine in Dalecarlia. "What a life might one lead there," he exclaimed, "and what a field for activity and happiness would it be. The working of the iron, the great riches of Sweden, the watching over the welfare and improvement of the workpeople, and ameliorating their condition—and then the intercourse with nature—a world in itself, and domestic life in these lovely valleys."

"Domestic life," interrupted Brigitta, roughly, "hear him, the pretty lad. He's thinking of his papa and mama, and perhaps his little cousin into the bargain. It's really quite touching." "What do you mean?" Ah, yes, but I wasn't thinking only of them," said Olof, smiling and reddening. "Of whom then?" asked Brigitta in the most innocent tone, but looking very wicked. "Oh, for instance, of my own if I were to marry." "If, for instance, we had already got a sight of our intended." "No, no, not yet," said Olof, laughing, "but I think I shall some of these days. Ah see, there comes our Siri." And it was Siri who came riding towards them, on the fiery mare, Brunhilde, all in a foam, and she herself with the appearance of great excitement, the long ends of her tippet flying behind her like wings. As she caught sight of Olof and Brigitta, she stopped abruptly, sprang from her horse, and hastened towards the two, who had sat down on a green knoll not far from the road. "Ah that was a splendid ride," she exclaimed, as she threw herself down beside them on the turf. "Olof, you should ride Brunhilde, she goes like the wind." "Ah," said Brigitta, "if you were only not quite so fond of the wind, and liked sometimes to sit still, it would be all the better. But don't lie there on the cold ground, Siri, when you're in such a violent heat." "The ground is not cold," said Siri. "It has a warm heart, a warmer than man. I would I lay within it," she added softly, and stooping her head, kissed the earth, and pressed to it her glowing cheeks. "The heart of the earth," said Brigitta, "dear Siri, what nonsense you do talk." "Not quite such nonsense either," said Olof. "One may say of the earth, that it has a warm heart, for, in all probability, the interior is a glowing mass. The further one goes down, the more the warmth increases. In the copper mines of Falun, for instance, at a depth of about two hundred fathoms, the miners work in the coldest time of the winter without any upper clothing. But what then does my little Siri know about the warm heart of the earth?" "Ah, I know a great deal," said Siri, laughing and nodding. "Yes, since you have become a mountain sprite," said Brigitta, "you are mighty well acquainted with all that goes on underground. It's enough to make

* A title of honour first bestowed on a provost's wife, of this district, who lived in 1637. Provost, in Sweden, is an ecclesiastical title.

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motion.

one shudder sometimes to hear you talk. But now, Siri, you must not lie there any longer. You dear, sweet, good-for-nothing, naughty, little thing, come here, do, and let me wrap my shawl round you."

But before Brigitta had finished speaking, Siri had flown to her, and was nestling in her bosom like a dove. Whilst Olof, engaged in a botanical investigation, had wandered to a little distance from them, Brigitta now began in a sisterly, or rather motherly manner, to represent to Siri that she was doing wrong, in going out so continually, just at this time, especially when her uncle wished much to have all his family assembled about him:—

"Ah," said Siri, "that's just it. Because you are all assembled and so happy together, I must go away. I have no peace there among you all; I seem always alone. I have no one who loves me, and I can't love them either. I always feel so uncomfortable, so unhappy. I've been often told that I wasn't like any body else, and perhaps I am really a changeling, as they used to say when I was a child. But what will you have me do? I can't help it," and Siri began to weep violently. "Perhaps, my sweet girl, if you would only try—" "Try what?" said Siri, looking up eagerly. "If you would only be more with us—more with your aunt." "Ah, no," answered Siri, looking gloomy again, and shaking her head, "between her and me it will never be quite right; I don't know why, but it will never be as it ought to be." "Oh yes," persisted Brigitta, "it can—it must. It cannot be otherwise. But do not be unreasonable, Siri. Who could really know our aunt, live with her and not love her? She is an angel of goodness, and you would have found it out yourself, if you would but stop at home, and not go fluttering about like a bird among the woods and mountains. And then my uncle too. If you only knew what sort of man he is, I am certain you would love him. But you will become better acquainted soon, for the time is approaching, when he will begin your religious instruction." "Oh," cried Siri, with a look of terror, "that is dreadful. That's the worst of all." "Siri! what do you mean? My uncle Nordenwall? to receive instruction from him—to hear him explain God's word? It would be the greatest happiness and honour that I could think of." "Ah, for you," said the girl, and hid her face in Brigitta's shawl, "but I—I am afraid of him. His voice—his looks, it all terrifies me. And then how will it be when I am alone with him, and he stands before me like a teacher, like a high priest—and perhaps requires me to believe things that I can't understand, and that seem to me so strange and so horrid? But that I will not. I will be free—free as a bird in the air, and if they lock me up then—Do you recollect the little bulfinch you were telling us about, that was so tame and so happy as long as they let him fly about the room, but as soon as they put him into a cage, beat himself against the wires till he fell down dead? That's the way it will be with me. I will rather die—ah, it will be a sad time."

The men of Dalecarlia are spoken of by travellers as the most simple and primitive, yet withal valiant and stout-hearted, of all the inhabitants of Sweden. They are celebrated for the warmth of their attachment to their native district, but unfortunately there is little food to be earned among their picturesque mountains, and they are, therefore, often compelled, like the Savoyards, to wander elsewhere in search of a subsistence—not thinking to gain it, however, by such leisurely, gentlemanly occupations as those of grinding organs and exhibiting marionettes, but by working in the boats on the canals of Stockholm—as bricklayers' labourers, and wherever toil and privation are to be encountered. Even the women are seen engaged in these occupations. They often work, by means of machinery something like the paddle-wheels of a steamer, the large ferry-boats used for the conveyance of passengers across the waters by which the capital of Sweden is intersected; an ancient matron sitting at the helm, the stout arms of a Dalecarlian maid setting the wheel in motion.

Whoever (says Miss Bremer) wishes to see a people in a state of patriarchal simplicity and innocence, such as has almost vanished from the face of the earth, must seek it in Dalecarlia. Prayer and toil have preserved its youthful strength, both of body and mind. Lowly are the dwellings of this people. The Daleman bows his neck to enter the door of his hut, but never beneath the yoke of an oppressor. This district, too, is the native soil of Swedish liberty, and has been hallowed by great events; but no monuments or tablets have preserved their memory. Even in this the simplicity of the people manifests itself. They show you a cellar, a barn, a green hill on the shores of the Elfvedale, and say, "Here did the deliverer of Sweden, Gustavus Vasa, address the people of Mora; here he sought refuge from his persecutors; here he worked as a labourer for hire; and the noble recollections which no learned cicerone numbers up, crowd upon you from stream and mountain and valley, and look forth from the forms of the people who surround you."

We must pass over some pretty, quiet, domestic scenes—the return of a husband to the home from which he has been absent,—the spinning evenings when "the grandmother of Dalom" sits with all her maids, and the male and female members of her family about her, in the great hall, spinning, singing songs, guessing riddles and telling stories, while one of the party "gave imitations of hautboys and trumpets, and Lieutenant Lasse represented a steam-boat getting into motion," whereby the spinning-wheels were greatly endangered—as well as some conversations in which the character of Siri is further developed. We foresee that she will give the Professor of Theology much trouble, from the notions respecting nature and the world which she has imbibed in her wanderings in a land still abounding in wild fable, and where faith in the ancient deities of Scandinavia seems still strangely to linger in the hearts, if not the heads of the people. We have room but for one more extract, the

Sunday in Mora.

The church bells were ringing for divine service, those bells far famed for the beauty and sweetness of their tone. It is a lovely spectacle which is presented by the Silian lake on a Sunday morning. The three parishes of Leksand, Rattwik and Mora encircle with their wood-crowned heights, the "eye of Dalecarlia," and their large white churches adorned with steeples gleam out from afar on the shores of the lake, between the blue water and the green fields. Whole fleets of long narrow boats, with nine or ten pairs of oars, and containing from forty to fifty persons, are seen rowing across the lake, from the populous villages towards the several churches. Sometimes as many as twenty are seen approaching the shore at once. The costumes of the people are pretty, and display an almost pedantic exactness in cut and arrangement. With the Leksand people the yellow colour predominates, with those of Rattwik, the red, while the people of Mora exhibit most black and white. The head-dress of the women, and the linen on their necks and arms, is always of dazzling whiteness, and their round faces, clear complexions, blue laughing eyes, and white teeth, give them an expression of indestructible good humour. Among the men are often seen stately figures, with magnificent heads of hair, parted on the forehead, and clustering round the neck in thick natural ringlets, such as I have often heard of in romances, but never saw anywhere in real life, except among the peasants of Dalecarlia. The people of the different parishes are distinguished from each other, not only by a variety of costume, but even by physiognomy, character and manners; they generally unite, however, to celebrate the Sunday. The poorer then obtain from the richer the loan of clothes of a better kind than they themselves possess, in order to make a handsome appearance in the house of God, and thither does the whole household wend its way, from the old grey patriarch leaning on his crutch, to the suckling carried by the father or mother, wrapped in the finest, softest lamb's skin. Old and young usually carry in their hands bouquets of onions of a peculiar kind, much in favour in the country, and called "butter onions,"

with which the little ones are kept quiet during the service. Beautiful is it to see thousands of these people in their gay dresses, their forms perfect models of health and strength, streaming along the shores of the lake, and swarming in and out of the boats, and never to hear an oath or an unbecoming word, or even to see an unfriendly look. Let no one however imagine that they are of the idyllic shepherd and shepherdess order. They are stout valiant men, such as the descendants of the ancient Scythians ought to be. The plough and the battle-axe, which, according to the legend, fell from Heaven into the hand of their ancestor, may still serve as the symbols of their lives and characters. More endowed with understanding than with fancy, yet enthusiasts for freedom, the people of Dalecarlia are at all times ready to turn their ploughshares into swords, and they have distinguished themselves in various conflicts by energy and perseverance, not however unstained by cruelty. Their own life is a hard one, softened by no luxury or comfort. For them ripens no delicious fruit; but engaged in a constant struggle with a rigorous climate and an unthankful soil, they find it a hard matter to wring from it their portion of daily bread, which they often have to make partly of the bark of the birch tree. Cut off from the rest of the world in their secluded valleys, they would scarcely know of its existence but for their wanderings in search of a livelihood, and they would become torpid in heart and soul, but for the warmth of religious feeling and family affection. They bend down with tenderness to their children, and look up with humble trust to Heaven. They lean to the dogmatic side in matters of theology, and many a mystery that to the cultivated, but often erroneously educated world, appears incomprehensible, is easy to these simple but penetrating intellects. They are devoted with filial attachment to their clergy (when these are not quite too unworthy of their devotion), proud of their churches, and willing to make many sacrifices for their beautification. "I wonder that you are able to go to such an expense," said a traveller to a Daleman who was showing him the splendid new copper roof of the church of Mora. "We spend so much the less on our houses," was the modest reply of the man of Dalecarlia. And it is so in fact. The huts which these tall powerful people inhabit are poorer and smaller than those of any other district in Sweden. The family of Mora had been contemplating the boats filled with church-goers, as they neared the shore; they were in greater numbers than usual, for on this Sunday no less than ten couples were to be married in the church. The bells rung out, and the great procession began to move. First came the married men, two and two, then the bridegrooms walking singly, one after another, in blue coats, yellow leather breeches, and white stockings, each with a white scarf, wound round the arm, and finished with a tassel. After them walked the bridemaids, all in green dresses, then the married women, mostly relatives, who were to give the brides away. Then came the brides. Of these, two were what were called crown or dressed brides, the daughters, namely, of wealthy peasants; the rest were of the humbler order of "green brides." The former wore dresses of black bombazeen, with short sleeves and white ruffles, coloured silk aprons, and had their heads, necks and arms gaily and profusely adorned with beads, bright coloured ribbons, and silver chains, to which were suspended large quantities of medals and silver coins. On her head each of these belles bore, besides her garland, a silver-gilt crown, and a lofty branch of artificial flowers, and in her hands, which were covered with yellow gloves sewed with different coloured silks, she carried a muff, to which were suspended by way of streamers, numbers of gaudy-coloured handkerchiefs. Red stockings and high-heeled shoes, completed this magnificent costume, to which, of course, that of the "green brides" was inferior in the quantity of its finery, though all rejoiced alike in dangling silver chains, and both brides and bridegrooms carried a silver penny in the left stocking. The benches and aisles of the church were quite full, and among the crowd were children of all ages, who either ran up and down, or went to sleep, or were kept quiet by their mothers giving them things to eat, while the old beadle moved about looking awful at those who were inclined to nod, startling all the old women whose heads were dropping down, by

poking his stick almost into their faces, but prudently passing by the strong young fellows, who appeared overcome by the same frailty.

Siri, who is present on this occasion, though it has been found no easy matter to induce her to enter a church, has been tormented by misgivings concerning the sufferings of the animal creation:—

Olof, who had a place from which he could observe Siri, saw with pleasure that she appeared animated and attentive. The beautiful hymns for which these congregations are celebrated, rose with a power and volume of tone that made the organ almost superfluous; and when from the altar she heard the words "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared to the glory that shall be revealed in us—because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God, for we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain until now;"—then Siri looked involuntarily at Olof, with sparkling, inquiring eyes, and the deep, energetic voice of the pastor was heard, thanking God that he had allowed his sun to shine, and his gospel to be preached, in the lowliest valleys as well as on the highest mountains, and the hearts of the young man and of the maiden glowed within them, and their beaming fearful eyes sought no longer each other, but the Invisible.

Concerning the ultimate destinies of Siri and Olof, experienced novel readers will have their own opinions. We are too discreet to allow them to "pluck out the heart of the mystery" without opening the book. They will look in vain in 'Life in Dalecarlia' for any characters at all approaching those of our old favourite 'Bear,' his little wife, or the incomparable *chère mère* of the neighbours, though there is a dark mysterious sort of personage who will remind them of Bruno—a resemblance we could have spared. There is, however, more of Swedish life, more local and national character, and a more picturesque and striking background, than any of Miss Bremer's former novels have presented.

Statistics of Crime in Ireland. Presented to Parliament.

THE Twenty-third Report of the Inspectors of Prisons in Ireland was laid before the Houses of Parliament on Saturday last, and contains a voluminous mass of evidence upon the amount and nature of crime in the sister kingdom during the past year. The distracted state of that country renders such a document deeply interesting.

The total number of committals during 1844 was 19,448, being a decrease, in comparison with 1843, of 678, or 3·37 per cent. The gross number of committals in 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842 and 1843, were respectively 26,392, 23,831, 20,796, 21,186 and 20,126. The decrease in the number of committals is confined almost entirely to miscellaneous offences; greater crimes have increased, as the following returns show:—Class 1, Offences against the person, accompanied with violence. Under this head 5,482 persons were committed in 1844, being an increase of 40, or 0·73 per cent., as compared with 1843; in the above are included 28 additional cases of murder. Class 2, Offences against property, with violence: 1,058 persons were committed under this head; and 6,377 individuals under the head of Class 3, Offences against property, without violence. The number charged with murder during 1844 amounted to 129, being an increase of 27·72 per cent. over the number committed for that crime in 1843. The number of individuals committed for murder in 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843 and 1844, were respectively 286, 155, 120, 189, 101 and 129. Under Class 3, Offences against property without violence, the principal increase appears to be in cases of larceny from the person, the

number committed amounting to 118 more than in 1843. Under the head of Assembling unlawfully armed, there is a considerable increase, the number committed in 1843 being 74, and in 1844, 121.

Of the 19,448 persons committed in 1844, the number convicted amounted to 8,042; 20 were sentenced to death, 45 for transportation for life, 16 to transportation for 14 years, 526 to transportation for 7 years, and 113 to transportation for shorter periods. 2 were sentenced to imprisonment for 3 years, 107 for 2 years, 539 for 1 year, 4,842 for 6 months and under, and 1,738 were fined and discharged. Of the capital sentences in 1844, 9 were executed, of which 8 were for the crime of murder perpetrated in the counties of Antrim, King's County, Roscommon and Tipperary.

The information respecting the amount of education amongst those committed is very imperfect. No less than 6,131 cases are reported as unascertained, so great a proportion of the total number of persons committed as to render any conclusions respecting the statistics of education extremely unsatisfactory. Of the ascertained cases, 4,848, or 24·92 per cent., could read and write; 2,584, or 13·28 per cent., could read but not write; and 5,885, or 30·25 per cent., could not read or write.

The ascertained ages of those committed were as follows:—959 under 16 years of age, 2,851 between 16 and 21, 5,332 between 21 and 30, 2,447 between 30 and 40, 1,141 between 40 and 50, 475 between 50 and 60, and 223 above 60.

The diminution in the number of juvenile criminal offenders which has marked the returns of the last four years continues to be maintained, though not to its full extent; and it is justly observed that the steady and continued decrease in the number of persons committed under the age of 16 is "one of the many results which follow the diffusion of a sound and practical system of national education." The committals under 16 were in 1840, 6·48 per cent.; in 1841, 7·01 per cent.; in 1842, 5·45 per cent.; in 1843, 4·12 per cent.; and in 1844, 4·93 per cent.

The committals in 1844 were thus divided:—In Antrim 492, Armagh 513, Carlow 349, Cavan 568, Clare 621, Cork County and City 2,053, Donegal 297, Downshire 608, Dublin 343, City of Dublin 1,414, Fermanagh 251, Galway 868, Kerry 721, Kildare 173, Kilkenny 404, King's County 465, Leitrim 317, Limerick 881, Londonderry 402, Longford 269, Louth 339, Mayo 918, Meath 297, Monaghan 391, Queen's County 557, Roscommon 663, Sligo 535, Tipperary 1,667, Tyrone 486, Waterford 506, Westmeath 383, Wexford 343, and Wicklow 424.

Jérôme Paturot à la Recherche d'une Position Sociale et Politique. Par Louis Rugbeaud. Paris. London, Jeffs.

THE success of a first, has encouraged the author to give his name to the second edition of this book. It has been often said, that if the middle classes be educated they will feel discontent with their station; and, from a contempt for the shop, will trouble the world in the vain endeavour to gain a higher position in the social scale, actuated rather by a puerile vanity than an honourable ambition. M. Rugbeaud assumes this doctrine to be true, and it is against this section of young aspirants that he directs his satire.

The outline of his tale is briefly this:—Jérôme Paturot, an orphan, was brought up by his uncle, a bonnet-maker, who provided for the youth the usual routine education of a French College. Having finished his academical career, during the course of which he had lived in familiarity with the ancients, taken part in the cap-

ture of Troy, assisted in founding Rome, qualified Falerian with Horace at the cascades of the Tiber, preserved the Republic with Cicero, and triumphed with Germanicus, it was impossible for him to descend from that heroic and glorious existence to bonnet-making; "he had a soul above buttons."—left his uncle's roof, and resolved, with about five thousand francs, to push his fortune. He left it at a time, he tells us, of a literary crusade, when—

A sort of fever seemed to have taken possession of youth; a rebellion against the old school burst forth, they ran down Voltaire, consigned Racine to oblivion, humbled Boileau to the dust, treated Corneille as dotard, called all our old authors by the insulting epithet of *scamps*,—at the same time proclaimed that the age of genius had arrived, that to stamp upon the earth sufficed to cause brilliant productions to start from it, in which the grace of beauty would be traced in a thousand arabesque, more or less oriental. They announced that the grand style, the true style, the sublime style was about to appear,—the polished style, sparkling, and clear, borrowing its azure from Heaven, its palette from Painting, its ornaments from Architecture, its burning ardour from Love, its dagger from Jealousy, its smiles from Virtue, and its storms from the Passions. This new literature was to be high-sounding (*stridente*) and commanding,—of all shades, blue, green, crimson,—profound, yet calm as a glassy lake,—treacherous as the Malay's knife, sharp as a Toledo blade, concentrating the pride of Spanish grandeeism and the burlesque abandon of Neapolitan buffoonery, culminating as the minarets of Stamboul, smooth as Venetian marble, blending harmoniously Solineau and Faliere, (two contradictory types), the solemn Mussulman and the gay Gondolier on the Lagoon,—foaming with the surge, ruminating with the ox, neighing with the horse, and finally accommodating itself with an extraordinary felicity to all these physical operations,—conquering, ruling, supplanting, and throwing nature into the shade.

Jérôme joined the movement party; and published three volumes of verses, entitled respectively 'Fleurs de Sahara,' 'La Cité de l'Apocalypse,' and 'La Tragédie sans Fin,'—which had the prodigious sale of four copies, whilst the printing expenses amounted to 4,000 francs—or 1,000 francs for each copy sold!

Authorship beggared him, and misery stifled his poetic inspiration. He no longer believed in the infallibility of a school which left its followers paupers,—began to doubt the excellence of ballad poetry and of sonnets, of odes and dithyrambs, of the blending of the sublime and ridiculous:—in fine, he had his long Mérovingian hair cropped; and, together with Malvina, a flower girl with whom he had formed a *liaison*, became a St. Simonian, flattering himself that the members would gladly receive a man of such great literary attainments. On examination, however, he was declared only eligible for the fourth class of St. Simonians,—and, subsequently, was degraded to the office of shoe-black at Ménilmontant.

In this society Jérôme passed some months; until, its funds becoming low and its manners too relaxed, he left it,—and yet with regret; for he had sincerely adopted its principles, and, with the ardour of young enthusiasm, believed he was called to take part in the regeneration of the world. The following is a melancholy picture:—

Every one, in our day, has his religion in his pocket; and between the formulas of perfect happiness there is but the embarrassment of choice. I passed in review the different sects of neophytes with which Paris was inundated. Each wished to interpret Christianity in its own way, and each declared the world lost if its maxims were not adopted. I went from one to the other, seeking truth,—above all, seeking to take a fixed position somewhere. Alas! I found jealousies between rising sects, schism within schism, sonorous words without meaning, exaggerated pretensions, immense pride. I took an heroic remedy, and became a Templar.

In the a bubble by wan ability princip employ good pocco. he reso

after a scene in to his of some d turning decamp Jér empty through surgeon with w become mercha mistress depreci the func culates The p Was it to have and the opinion echo of political country, public is imaginai by the fedy, to earth, a from cre this prog glorious and to ideal? But t he appl the Pat holders nephew vanity v by the success The Literary with sup forms, quantif icient wrote a third up in prais sold not intreg reading police w political Governi tyranny was ha Jérôme without Malvini "L'as played h "It is paper." "Don "How Paris? lurgie." * The lowest

In the next scene, we find him the director of a bubble Sulphur Company,—induced to join it by want, the solicitations of Malvina, the plausibility of a swindler, and the weakness of his principles. He was installed in office; and his employer issued a prospectus, attributing every good property imaginable to the sulphur of Morrocco. Jérôme was troubled in conscience, and he resolved to throw up the appointment; but—

Ah, too convincing, dangerously dear,
In woman's eye, the unanswerable tear,—

after a struggle of twelve hours,—in short, after a scene in which the woman prevails,—he returned to his office, was present at the inveiglement of some dupes,—and, at last, one morning, on returning to his bureau, found that his associate had decamped with the capital of the company, leaving Jérôme to make good the deficiency, with an empty purse and a raging fever. He recovered, through the care of Malvina and of a young surgeon who lodged in the same garret,—and with whom, in the next stage of his course, he becomes associated in a newspaper. A rich merchant, anxious to raise the reputation of his mistress, an opera dancer—unjustly (of course) depreciated by a tyrannical manager,—supplied the funds for the speculation. Jérôme thus speculates on the career which now opened to him:

The post of journalist had been one of my dreams. Was it not enough to tempt ambition, however vast, to have daily communication between my thoughts and those of others, to catch the tone of public opinion and give it a new expression, to become the echo of lofty sentiments and just complaints, to watch political movements, and review the literature of my country,—leave nothing unexplored in the arts or public institutions, in the region of realities or the imagination,—to have all the world for readers, now by the force of argument and of wit, to-day by tragedy, to-morrow by comedy,—to embrace the entire earth, and trace the progress of the human race from creation to the present hour? And even should this programme be incompletely realized, was it not glorious even to contemplate it without faltering, and to picture it to the imagination though but ideal?

But the officers of the law were upon his track: he applies to his uncle; who, for the credit of the Paturots, undertakes to settle with the shareholders of the Sulphur Company, and offers his nephew some wholesome advice. But Jérôme's vanity was not yet eradicated; although, touched by the old man's affection, he promised, if unsuccessful, to return within six months.

The new paper was called "The Aspic," a Literary Journal;—politics to be introduced, but with supposititious names, and under allegorical forms.* One of the contributors, to whom quantity was no consideration, brought sufficient "copy" to fill ten numbers; a second wrote an article upon the third contributor,—the third upon the second; Jérôme indited a sonnet in praise of the *figurante*. But yet the *Aspic* sold not. Its conductors attributed this to the intrigues and Machiavelism of the cafés and reading-rooms. In the eyes of the editors, the police were guilty of suppressing this powerful political engine, lest it should subvert the Government! To counterbalance this supposed tyranny on the part of the authorities, recourse was had to divers expedients: for example, Jérôme never entered a café with Malvina without hearing the following dialogue:—

Malvina.—"Garçon, L'Aspic."

L'as de pique? (the ace of spades)—cards are not played here."

"It is the *Aspic* that we want, a very celebrated paper."

"Don't know it."

"How! not take in the *Aspic*, the first paper in Paris? This must be a mere pot-house, a *vrai café borgne*."

* The meanest description of café, only frequented by the lowest class.

"Perhaps Madame may wish to see the *Charivari*, the *Corsaire*, the *Droit*, the *Gazette des Tribunaux*?"

"A fine sight forsooth! It is the *Aspic* that I want, and nothing but the *Aspic*. Get up, Jérôme; I spend my money in respectable houses only, and any establishment which has a proper self-respect should have the *Aspic* on its tables. Let us go."

No stratagem was left untried. The editors exhausted all their powers, scattered abroad countless flashes of wit, varied their style, passed from puns to aesthetics, and even condescended to conundrums,—all lost labour! The universe trembled not—the Government pursued its course unmoved—the minister held office—even the satrap of the Opera did not capitulate, but stood his ground in the unbending stiffness of his pride and his neckcloth. It was evident that the conspiracy of silence was organized. How otherwise could that negative unanimity be explained? Evidently a dark enigma lay concealed beneath. The *Aspic* shall be read! A journal was a matter of enjoyment, not a necessary; the same could not be affirmed of a pair of boots or a coat;—they determined, therefore, to give a coat to each subscriber, to tempt some to take the paper for the sake of the coat, and others to take the coat for the sake of the paper. For a hundred subscriptions the furniture of a saloon was to be given, for a thousand a country house. Their tariff was a model of mercantile acumen. If a complete copy of the works of Sir Walter Scott could not tempt a subscriber, they lured him by a case of Medoc or Burgundy; books, corkscrews, music, oysters, Bayonne hams, were piled in the bureau. The end was attained!—the *Aspic* lived, circulated!—but only for a short time. It languished and died, and the partnership was dissolved.

Jérôme next became a *feuilletoniste*; and our author is correct in stating that the *feuilleton* has acquired an importance in France at least equal to that of the cup of coffee and the Havannah cigar. Now, to render the *feuilleton* attractive, the author must possess the art of always breaking off in some interesting and mysterious incident. Paturot became *au fait* in this artifice. He commenced with the history of Geneviève de Brabant and of the stern Golo,—which was successful; but being paid by the length of his contributions, was disposed to extend them to infinity—and, when his own imagination became exhausted, he plagiarized, was discovered, and dismissed.

We next find him the editor of a ministerial paper, the *Flambeau*. As an assistant to his labours he sought his friend the surgeon. After much difficulty, he found St. Ernest in the first floor of a house in a fashionable quarter of the town. The door was of beautiful wood, with ornaments in the best taste; and he read, in the largest panel, "De St. Ernest, Physician of the Faculty at Paris, Master of Pharmacy, Professor of Medicine and Botany, patented by the King, honoured with rewards and national medals, decorated with the Golden Spur, the Silver Eagle of Bavaria, the Falcon of Baden, the Hawk of Sweden, authorized by all the Courts of Europe, Member of the Academies of Pesth, Cuba, and Curaçoa." He was detained an hour in the outer apartment, for effect, there being no patients within, and passed the time in reading prose and poetic prospectuses. Jérôme was now shown into the sanctum, and learned from his friend his change of circumstances and the tricks of the medical world.

The mysteries of homœopathy, phrenology and mesmerism are all explained to him:—

"With what organ do you read, Jérôme?"

"What a question! With my eyes to be sure!"

"The old practice—we have changed that. I will show you people who can tell what time of day it is by the stomach [people with a good appetite can

generally do so], and who prefer reading by the dorsal spine; thus they relieve the eye. Magnetism, again, applies to the human body this mode of reading—it lays bare the interior of the individual, exhibits him as in a written page, and draws out the map of the inner man with wonderful precision. Generally, it is some simple country girl who is favoured by this intuitive autopsy; the child of rural nature sleeps the magnetic slumber, and draws forth from it the gift of medical technology, the knowledge of simples, the science of *codex*, and, in a word, all the therapeutic and pathological points, which appears miraculous. Where has this poor innocent girl learned the secrets of the art? Who has revealed to her the diagnostics and formulae?"

The tricks of the bar and literature are exposed in the same style.

Jérôme, as editor of the *Flambeau*, finds it difficult to serve so many masters. Foreign Affairs is on delicate terms with the Home—the Board of Trade pretends that the Admiralty usurps its functions—Public Works complains of the niggardliness of Finance—Public Instruction launches incessant recriminations against Religion and Justice,—and War strikes at them all, with a military brusqueness,—swearing, by all the recollections of the Empire, that they shall not encroach upon his department. Jérôme gets his *congé*, becomes emaciated and dejected, contemplates suicide, adopts the metempsychosian theory, anticipates a glorious existence in another shape, suggests the idea to Malvina, gains her acquiescence, purchases the fatal drug, writes a farewell letter to his uncle (calculated to arrive when all is over, but, in fact, immediately despatched by Malvina), takes the poison,—and is on the brink of death, when his uncle arrives and saves him.

We have quoted enough to give the reader an idea of the work; and will only add, that, if Paturot be a faithful type of a class, we trust it is an expiring one.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Abraham's (Rev. C. J.) Unity of History; or, Outlines of Lectures on Ancient and Modern History, 8vo. 2s. 6d.
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THE NORTH WIND.

A Fragment of Diablerie.

The North Wind summoned his legions all,
 At the dead midnight, from their dungeon thrall;
 And he said with a shout, that as it rose
 Stripped bare the forests, and shook the snows,—
 "Away, to your work of ruin!"

Fierce and fell—fierce and fell,
 Over rock and over dell,—
 Through the tossing Norway pines,
 Through the wreaths of Southern vines,—
 Fierce and fell—fierce and fell,
 Passed they with a savage yell,
 As for earth's undoing.

And the Raven, that sits on the blasted bough,
 He hath flapped his wing and followed, I trow.

There's a crag on the Brocken, the topmost of all,
 That standeth solemn, and black, and tall,
 With a jagged top, where the moon-rays fall
 Sudden and sharp—you may see it shine
 Far down in the vale, at the day's decline.
 And circling around it, round and round,
 Eddy the winds, with a muffled sound,
 As of witch-laughter, stealthy slow,
 And ever, as round and round they go,
 There's a flapping of wings on the dead pine-bough—
 A flapping of wings, and a voice doth call
 "Crag of the Brocken, Crag of the Brocken,
 Stoop to thy fall!"

Then silence awhile—not a sound replies,
 But the moon looks out from the darkened skies,
 And still in its grandeur, stately and tall,
 Towereth the Brocken-Crag topmost of all.

But louder and louder the laughter grows,
 And fiercer the strength of the viewless foes;
 The loose rocks spin in the air, the trees
 Groan 'neath the stress of their agonies,—
 And again, through the tumult, is heard, I trow,
 That flapping of wings on the dead pine-bough,
 Again, hoarse and sullen, that boding call—
 "Crag of the Brocken, Crag of the Brocken,
 Stoop to thy fall!"

And the peasant, far down in the vale below,
 Looks forth from his casement in terror, and lo!
 By the fitful moonbeams, that come and go,
 He seeth the Brocken-Crag sway to and fro,
 Then dash down the rocks with a headlong rout,
 While still in its track doth that wild voice shout
 Hoarser, and louder, and high over all,
 "Crag of the Brocken, Crag of the Brocken,
 Haste to thy fall!"

Fierce and free—fierce and free,
 Over land and over sea,
 To their work of ruin;
 Through the valleys, still and deep,
 Where the nestling hamlets sleep,—
 Through the cities, wide and fair,
 Working wreck and ravage there,—
 Fierce and free—fierce and free,
 Passed they, with a savage glee,
 As for earth's undoing.

And the Raven that sits on the blasted bough,
 He hath whetted his beak and followed, I trow.

The Lord Baron he sits in the northern tower,
 In his old grey tower, alone—
 With a frowning brow, and a cruel eye,
 And he laugheth loud—"Sir Guy, Sir Guy,
 My will must unbend, or this tower descend,
 Ere thou comest to claim thine own!
 Ha, ha! 'twas a fair young bride," quoth he,
 "That smiled in my face, and knelt at my knee,
 But I drove them forth together.—"

I drove them forth, from my sight, pardie,
 With a bitter curse, for all company
 To brighten the mad weather!"
 And the Baron, he strideth up and down,
 With a sterner smile, and a darker frown,
 But he stoppeth ere long, for a sudden knell,
 Falls on his ear, like a passing bell,
 That tolleth solemnly.—
 And anon, through the sound of the lashing rain,
 There's a flapping of wings at the lattice pane,—
 A flapping of wings, and piercing and high,
 With scream of ill omen, a voice doth cry,
 "Lord Baron, Lord Baron, that passing bell
 Tolleth for thee!"

Dread looks the Baron, and "white of ble,"
 But he looseth the casement full manfully,
 And he looketh forth—lo! the moon on high
 Glazes through the clouds, as they hurry by,
 With a ghastly face, as of witchery.—
 Lo! the boughs of the forest trees, one and all,
 Toss, like black plumes at a funeral;
 And circling the battlements, round and round,
 He hears the winds eddy with boding sound,
 An angry murmur, that groweth ere long,
 Moment by moment, more wild and strong,
 Till that grim old tower, so mossy and grey,
 Trembles and rocks 'neath their hurricane sway.

Still, the Baron he paceth up and down,
 And his brow is knit with the same black frown,
 And back to his face hath crept, the while,
 The baleful light of that cruel smile,—
 Ah me, ah me!

He seeth perchance the knight, Sir Guy,
 And the bride, that he loveth so tenderly,
 Wandering, wandering, sad and forlorn,
 Heart-broken, shelterless, weary and worn;
 And the smile groweth brighter!—he seeth them flee,
 O'er the dark hills, followed relentlessly
 By the tempest that rageth with evil will,
 And the curse, that o'ertaketh them, fleetest still,
 And fiercely he laugheth!—but hark, the knell
 Soundeth anew, as of passing bell
 That tolleth solemnly:—

And anew, in the pause of the beating rain,
 Comes the flapping of wings at the lattice pane,—
 The flapping of wings, and from out the gloom,
 Freezing his life-blood, that voice of doom,
 "Lord Baron, Lord Baron, that passing bell
 Tolleth for thee!"

Down, down, down!
 With a roar, and a crash, and a mocking cry
 From the whirling winds, and piercing through all,
 A scream, as of mortal agony,
 That grim old tower, so mossy and grey,
 That hath braved for ages the battle fray,
 Doth shake, and totter, and fall—
 Down, down!

Massive and vast, to the fosse below,
 It sinketh in ruin—each mighty stone,
 From basement to battlement overthrow;
 But thrice, ere the terrible strife is o'er,
 Is heard, I wot, 'mid the general roar,
 That shrieking voice of woe,—
 And thrice, as in triumph, a weird-like sound,
 As of hoarse wild laughter, echoeth round,
 While faint in the distance, floateth the knell
 Of a solemn deep-toned funeral bell.—
 Ave Maria! guard us well!

Enfield, March 13.

T. WESTWOOD.

THE ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

THE questions connected with the proceedings of Mr. Pettigrew and his friends become daily more and more perplexing. This we feel as strongly as others, but we cannot advise as to the course that should be pursued by individuals, however indignant, and how justly soever indignant they may be, at seeing themselves announced as members of Mr. Pettigrew's Association, and contributors to its funds. We will, however, submit a case or two for consideration, which may help the public to their own conclusions; and we do so the more willingly from a thorough conviction that the nobleman whose name appears as President, and some at least of those who are put forth as members of the Committee, cannot be aware of the character of these proceedings. A few, and a very few words, will be necessary by way of introduction.

There are notoriously two Associations claiming the same title,—no matter, for the moment, which is best entitled to it. Now can there be a question among gentlemen, that if A. B. paid money to the

one which was intended for the other, it ought to be returned the moment the error was explained? We certainly thought it impossible that a doubt could arise on such a point: we refused to believe it without proof: here is proof: and we warn all whose names are still paraded as in connexion with the faction, that after this it must be assumed that they are consenting parties, unless they follow the example of others, and insist on their names being withdrawn.

The first case to which we shall allude is that of Mr. Philip Hardwick, R.A., and that there may be no possible mistake we will quote so much from the letters which have passed, as seems to us essential to a clear understanding of the question at issue.

Russell Square, March 17.

Dear Pettigrew,—In order to prevent any misunderstanding respecting the small donation which I sent to you for the British Archeological Association, I trouble you with this note to beg it may be applied to the Association as conducted by Mr. Way, Mr. Hawkins, and others, who I consider as still the governing body of the Association to which I subscribed.—I am, &c., P. HARDWICK.

T. Pettigrew, Esq.
 Mr. Pettigrew answered that he could not comply with this request, as the donation had been reported to the Committee and carried to account; and further requested Mr. Hardwick, if he thought it right to pursue the matter, to address the Secretaries, as he had no time to make explanations, and could not entertain the subject personally. To this Mr. Hardwick replied—

Russell Square, March 19.

My Dear Pettigrew,—I have no desire to give you a personal trouble I can avoid, or ask you for any explanation but I certainly shall not communicate with any one else. The case as it stands between us is very simple. I became a member of the B. A. A. under the direction of a council of gentlemen in whom I felt the greatest confidence for the promotion of the objects of the Society. I sent you a small donation towards their funds, you having undertaken to receive subscriptions and donations. You have thought proper to retire from this Association, and you have endeavoured to form another society under the same name; but as the Association I joined still exists, and is governed by a majority of the same gentlemen who were its first directors, I wish it to be distinctly understood that it is to this the original Association that I intended the donation to be applied; and if it should be appropriated to any other, I can only say that it will be contrary to my intention.—I am, &c. T. Pettigrew, Esq. P. HARDWICK.

In reply, Mr. Pettigrew sent a printed Report of the proceedings of what he is pleased to call a general meeting, observing that he could not admit Mr. Hardwick's statements that he had retired, or endeavoured to form another Association, and that he would lay the correspondence before the committee.

On the 27th of March Mr. Hardwick received a communication signed "Roach Smith, Hon. Secretary," informing him that the Committee had resolved not to return his money! but would place at his disposal a copy of the Journal "now preparing under their direction," and that he would, "by virtue of his donation," "receive the Journal quarterly for the next five years." What will the public say to this? What will gentlemen think of such a proceeding? It was obvious Mr. Pettigrew and his friends had got the money in error, but they were determined to keep it, and they have kept it! Of course Mr. Hardwick was only the more resolved that his name should be withdrawn: and he was informed on the 6th May, by the same Honorary Secretary, that his name had been removed.—yet it appears in the reprint of the List of Associates, and this list has been sent out as a circular by post within the last four days. In this list also is to be found the name of Mr. Hailstone. The following letter, addressed to the Secretaries, will best explain Mr. Hailstone's views and feelings:—

Sirs,—On examining the first number of a Journal purporting to be a Journal of the British Archeological Association, and published by Mr. Bohn, I find that my name has been placed amongst the list of Life and Annual Associates by a subscription of £1. in the present year. I am greatly surprised that any person or persons should have taken so unwarrantable a liberty with my name, particularly when I distinctly disavowed any connexion with your Association in a letter addressed by me to Mr. Roach Smith some time ago, and which was in answer to a printed address and application made by him for me to become a member thereof. Consequently, if my name is not at once and immediately expunged, I shall make the circumstances public. When the general account was printed, I gave a donation of £1. and for which no account has ever been given, and I must desire some explanation of the circumstances of its application, or a return thereof, as the donation was not given for the purpose of supporting a section of members who differed from the chief authorities, and who, by their

Of course day, and he was grieved from Hardwick's week. No that List. names of the second drew so a true state paraded of the fact stone, the stone, H 101, given have who had inquiry. of the do support to and Jour Thus Low tribulation following the contr seen by si Archeolo

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proceedings, have brought disorder and disrepute on the Association. I remain, &c.
Osborne Hotel, 8th May, 1845.

Of course "No money returned" is the order of the day, and no money ever reached Mr. Hailstone; but he was graciously informed that his name had been erased from the list of members, although, like Mr. Hardwick, it figures in a Circular sent out this very week. Not the slightest faith, indeed, can be placed on that List. It contains, to our certain knowledge, the names of gentlemen who have had no connexion with the seceders, or who having joined for a moment, withdrew so soon as they had informed themselves of the true state of the case; and yet their names are still paraded before the public as if they were supporters of the faction. Besides Mr. Hardwick and Mr. Hailstone, the Rev. R. Lane Freer, Rector of Bishopstone, Hereford, has in vain asked for restitution of 10*l.*, given under an erroneous impression; and we have heard of five other gentlemen in a like position, who had, unfortunately, given their money without inquiry. It is indeed worth remarking, that only two of the donors to the original Association in 1844, support the faction—yet all, in their published List and Journal, are made to assume that appearance. Thus Lord Carnarvon figures there, though his contribution was made before the separation; and the following have actually subscribed to the Fund under the control of the Central Committee, as may be seen by simply looking at the list of members of the Archaeological Association, in this day's paper—

Philip Hardwick, Esq. F.R.S.—Edward Hailstone, Esq. F.S.A.—Rev. R. Lane Freer—Viscount Adare (actually one of the Vice-Presidents).—Rev. J. B. Deane.—Miss Anna Gurney.—W. D. Haggard, Esq. F.S.A.—Rev. T. Jessop, D.D., Hilton Hall, York.—Godfrey Meynell, Esq., Langley Park, Derby.—Rev. Dr. Morris, Elstree.—Hon. Marmaduke Oslow.—Ambrose Poynter, Esq.—William Koots, Esq. F.S.A.—Edward Solly, Esq.—R. Vincent, Esq.

Some, like the Dean of Durham and Mr. Charles Spence, have withdrawn altogether, but are still paraded. This ingenious system of stuffing dummies or mummies, and dressing them up as real men, is worthy of Mountebanks.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Notes of a Journey to the celebrated city of Soo-chou-foo, in China.

EVERY one who has been in China, or who is at all acquainted with Chinese history, has heard of the city of *Soo-chou-foo*. If a stranger goes into a shop in Macao, Canton, or in any of the other towns in the south, he is sure to be told that anything out of the common way which he may want to purchase has been brought from that celebrated place; let him order anything superb, and it must be sent for from *Soo-chou*—fine pictures, fine carved work, fine silks, and fine ladies, all come from *Soo-chou*—it is the Chinaman's earthly paradise, and it would be hard indeed to convince him that it had its equal in any town on earth. In addition to its other attractions, I was informed by the Chinese nursery gardeners at Shanghai that it contained a great number of excellent flower-gardens and nurseries, from which they had for sale, and I was therefore strongly tempted to infringe the foolish laws of the Celestial Empire, and try and reach this far-famed place, to add, if possible, to my collections of this branch of natural history. As I was travelling in the Shanghai district at the time, and, as I conceived, about half way between that town and *Soo-chou*, I with some little difficulty induced my guides to proceed in that direction, promising to take the greatest care not to allow the Chinese to know me as a foreigner, for in that case my poor fellows would have been bamboozled and treated most unmercifully; besides, I was not quite sure as to what might have happened to myself. I was, of course, travelling in the Chinese costume, my head was shaved, I had a splendid wig and tail, of which some Chinaman in former days had doubtless been vain enough, and upon the whole I believe I made a pretty fair Chinaman. Although the Chinese countenance and eye differ considerably from the face and eye of a native of Europe, yet a traveller in the north has far greater chances of escaping detection than in the south of China, owing to the great difference of feature; those in the north approaching more nearly to European features than

they do in the south, and the difference amongst themselves even being greater in this respect.

In China the canal is the traveller's highway, and the boat is his carriage, and hence the absence of good roads and carriages in this country. Such a mode of conveyance is not without its advantages, however little we may think of it in England, for as the tide ebbs and flows through the interior for many miles, the boats proceed with considerable rapidity; the traveller, too, can sleep comfortably in his little cabin, which is, in fact, his house for the time being, in which he travels, dines and sleeps.

After these preliminary observations, we will now proceed on our way to *Soo-chou*. The canal, after leaving Shanghai, leads in a northerly direction, inclining sometimes a little to the west; branches leading off in all directions, and ramifying all over the country. Some very large towns and walled cities were passed on our route, at one of which, named *Cading*, we halted for the night just under the ramparts. I spread out my bed in my little cabin, and went to sleep rather early, intending to start bytimes with the tide next morning, and get as far as possible during the ensuing day. But, as my countryman Burns says,

The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft aye,

and I was awake during the night by the cool air blowing in upon my head through one of the windows of the boat, which had been taken out since I had gone to sleep. I jumped up immediately and looked out, and through the darkness I could discern that we were drifting down the canal with the tide, now coming in contact with some other boat, which had been fastened up like ourselves for the night, and now rubbing against the branches of trees which hang over the sides of the canal. I lost no time in awaking my servant and the boatmen, who rubbed their eyes in astonishment, and called out that a thief had been paying us a visit during the night. This had never struck me before, but I called for a light, and what was my astonishment to find all my clothes, English and Chinese, gone. Our visitor, whoever he had been, after taking off all the cabin contained, cut the rope by which we were fastened, and shoved us off into the centre of the canal, along which we had drifted a considerable way before I awoke. Fortunately for me, the few dollars I had with me were in my Chinese purse beneath my pillow, so that these were safe, and enabled me to procure myself another dress and proceed on my journey; had not this been the case, I must have made the best of my way back to Shanghai.

The city of *Cading* is large and fortified, although the walls and ramparts are in a state of decay; it is evidently a very ancient place. Here a large quantity of the celebrated carving is done, for which the Chinese in the north are so well known. After leaving this town, the canal, which was narrow, still led us in a northerly direction for a few miles, and then, all at once, our little boat shot out of the narrow canal into a broad and beautiful one, resembling a lake or broad river, and running nearly east and west, and probably connecting itself with the Yang-tse-Kiang river, somewhere between Woosung and Nanking. The scenery of the surrounding country is striking in the highest degree—the broad and smooth canal bearing on its waters hundreds of Chinese boats of all sizes. A high pagoda to the westward, and another, on the top of a solitary hill in the same direction, and named *Quin-san-ta*—the whole country besides, as far as the eye can reach, one vast flat rice-field, and everywhere the pleasing clatter of the water-wheels, and the hundreds of happy and contented Chinese peasants engaged in the cultivation of the soil. Still keeping on in a westerly course, we passed the pagoda above alluded to, where the canal divided, and the branch which we took soon led us to another large town, named *Ta-tsong-tsen*.

Ta-tsong-tsen is a town of great size, walled and fortified like *Cading* and Shanghai, and probably larger than the latter, although perhaps not so populous. A great number of large old junks are moored on the canal round the walls, apparently used as dwelling-houses, being now unfit for any other service. This town too, like *Cading*, is evidently in a decaying state, judging from the dilapidated condition of the houses and fortifications, but teems with an immense population of men, women, and particularly children.

Approaching *Soo-chou* some hills were now seen, bounding the level plain, which I afterwards found were some few miles west from the town itself. The whole country here, as well as near *Cading*, is one vast rice-field, which is now (June 23) just planted. Many of the females are employed in driving the water-wheels, generally three or four to each wheel: these ladies have large feet, or rather their feet are of the natural size; indeed, if they were cramped in the usual way it would be impossible for them to work on the water-wheel. Small feet, however, are more general, even amongst the lower classes who work in the fields, for amongst the hundreds whom I observed hoeing the cotton, or engaged in other agricultural operations, but a small proportion had feet of the natural size.

A few miles on the east of *Soo-chou*, I met with a large and beautiful lake, perhaps twelve or fifteen miles across, through which the boats from *Sing Keang-foo* and other places in that direction approach the fashionable city. After passing this lake the canal, which had widened considerably, now began to contract; bridges here and there were passed, villages and small towns lined the banks, and everything denoted the approach to a city of some size and importance. It was a delightful summer evening, the 23rd of June, when I approached this far-famed town. The moon was up, and with a fair light breeze my little boat was scudding swiftly, its masts and sails reflected in the clear water of the canal, the boats thickened as we went along, the houses became more crowded and larger, lanterns were moving in great numbers on the bridges and sides of the canal, and in a few minutes more we were safely moored, with some hundreds of others, under the walls of this celebrated city. Having taken all the precautions in our power against another nightly visitor, my servant, the boatmen, and myself, were soon fast asleep.

With the first dawn of morning I was up, and dressed with very great care, by my Chinese servant, whom I then despatched to find out the nursery garden in the city, in order to procure the plants which I wanted. When he had obtained this information he returned, and we proceeded together into the city, in order to make my selections. I procured several new and valuable plants, although the number and extent of these gardens was considerably less than I had been led to believe by my Chinese friends, at Shanghai. Dwarf trees are here in great numbers, and some of them certainly very curious and old, two properties to which the Chinese attach far greater importance than we do in England.

The city of *Soo-chou-foo*, in its general features, is much the same as the other cities in the north, but evidently the seat of luxury and wealth, and has none of those signs of dilapidation and decay which one sees in such towns as *Ning-po*. A noble canal, having all the appearance of the river Thames at Richmond or Twickenham, runs parallel with the city walls, and acts as a moat as well as for commercial purposes. Here, as at *Cading* and *Ta-tsong-tsen*, a large number of invalided junks are moored, and doubtless make excellent Chinese dwelling-houses, particularly to a people so fond of living on the water as the Chinese are. This same canal is carried through arches into the city, where it ramifies in all directions, sometimes narrow and dirty, and at other places expanding into lakes of considerable beauty, thus enabling the inhabitants to convey their merchandise to their houses from the most distant parts of the country. Junks and boats of all sizes are plying and sailing on this wide and beautiful canal, and the whole place has a cheerful and flourishing aspect, which one does not often see in the other towns in China, if we except Canton and Shanghai. The walls and ramparts are high, and in excellent repair, having considerable resemblance to those of *Ning-po*, but of course in much better order. The east wall, along the side of which I went all the way, is not more than a mile in length, but I suspect the north and south are much longer, thus making the city a parallelogram. That part of the city near the east gate, by which I entered, is anything but fine—the streets are narrow and dirty, and the population seems of the lowest order, but towards the west the buildings and streets are much finer, the shops are large, and everything denotes this to be the rich and aristocratic part of the town. The city gates seem

to be well guarded with Chinese soldiers, and all the streets and lanes inside are intersected at intervals with gates, which are closed at nine or ten o'clock at night. The Governor General of the province resides here, and keeps those under his control in excellent order.

The ladies here are considered by the Chinese to be the most beautiful in the country, and, judging from the specimens which I had an opportunity of seeing, they certainly deserve their high character. Their dresses are of the richest material, made in a style at once graceful and elegant, and the only faults I could find with them, were their small deformed feet, and the mode they have of painting or whitening their faces with a kind of powder made for this purpose. But what seemed faults in my eyes are beauties in those of a Chinaman, and hence the prevalence of the custom.

Soo-chou-foo seems to be the great emporium of the central provinces of China, for which it is peculiarly well fitted by its favourable situation. The trade of Ning-po, Hang-chou, and Shanghai, and many other towns on the south; Ching-kiang-foo, Nanking, and even Peking itself on the north, all centres here, and all these places are connected either by the Grand Canal, or by the hundreds of canals of lesser note, which ramify all over the empire. Shanghai, from its favourable position as regards Soo-chou, will doubtless become one day a place of vast importance, in a commercial point of view, both to Europe and America. R. F.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Sir James Graham, last week, introduced to the House of Commons his Bill, which proceeds—upon the principle of an extension of the existing system of National Education, established in 1831 for the poorer classes of the Irish, to the upper ranks of the same society—to establish three new colleges, in Ireland. Cork for the south, for the west Limerick or Galway, and for the north Derry, are the localities proposed for these young institutions; unless an arrangement be made which will substitute Belfast for the latter place, by a transference of the buildings and library belonging to the Academical Society already existing, and enjoying a Parliamentary grant, in that town, for the purposes of the proposed new establishment. Whether these new Colleges, affiliated with that of Dublin, shall be erected into one sole Irish University, or shall have separate faculties, is a point not quite determined, though the former is the probable scheme. There will be, in each of these colleges, a principal and ten or twelve professors—including those of anatomy, surgery, and chemistry; and, as at Durham, instruction will be provided in civil engineering. The important principle of these new educational establishments, like that of the University of London, is, that there shall be no religious test for teacher or student, and no compelled inculcation of creeds; though facilities will be afforded for private theological endowments, of the various faiths, for those who may desire such instruction. Such are the broad outlines of this important measure,—which provides the means of literary and scientific education in a country where they have been singularly deficient. The bigot cry has, of course, been again raised, and the public need not be told who they are that lead in that ancient chorus; but, so far as the House is concerned, there was a very considerable mitigation, among the performers themselves,—and generally, the spirit in which the measure was received augurs well for its success.

The Anniversary of the Literary Fund Society was held on Wednesday last, the Earl of Ellenborough in the chair. Though not very numerously attended, the meeting went off with more than usual spirit, and the amount of donations announced was just 840l. Amongst the company present we noticed the Archbishop of Dublin, Chevalier Bunsen, Lord Brougham, Lord Mahon, Lord Colchester, Baron Leopold von Buch, Mr. Milnes, M.P., Mr. Walter, Sir Percy Shelley, Count Pepoli, Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, Mr. John Kemble, Major Shadwell Clerke, Sir John Hall, Rev. F. Trench, Mr. Murchison, Rev. Sir John Wood, the Warden of the Goldsmiths' Company, General Pasley, Mohun Lal, Mr. David Salomons, Sir H. Ellis, Rev. Dr. Russell, Mr. James, Mr. Buck-

ingham, Mr. Tupper, Mr. R. Bell, Mr. Bayle Bernard, Mr. Lovell, and Mr. Stocqueler.

The *Kilkenny Journal* states, that, in answer to the application of a body of Irish Members of Parliament, on behalf of the widow of the late Mr. John Banim, Sir Robert Peel has granted to that lady a sum of 50l., from the Royal Bounty Fund—with an intimation that her name shall be placed on the pension list when a vacancy occurs.

The *Times* states, that on a recent visit of Mr. Douglas Jerrold to Birmingham, the working-jewellers presented that gentleman with an elegant gold ring, with an onyx stone in the centre; and in an address expressed their admiration of his talents, and their gratitude for his literary advocacy of their own class. This scene took place in the Polytechnic Institution.

Mrs. Godwin, the authoress of 'The Wanderer's Legacy' and 'The Reproving Angel,' died on the 5th inst. at Barbon in Westmorland, in her forty-seventh year. She was the youngest daughter of the late Dr. Garnet, and her earliest works were published under the name of Grace Gifford. Her latest writings were educational. She latterly lived in seclusion, and suffered much from ill-health.

The Cambridge Camden Society has weathered the storm; at the annual meeting there was a majority of 162 against the dissolution. We rejoice at this, and augur well of the future. It is impossible but that the council must have profited by experience; and, in that belief, we wish the society a long life and a useful one. A report was read, from which it appeared that 6,000l. had been left to the Society by a member recently deceased—and the laws for the future government of the society were distributed, and a committee was appointed to revise them on the basis of the scheme then submitted.

A pamphlet has been forwarded to us, as "enemies to imposition of every kind," by some of the Students of the School of Design, in which is set forth the grievances of which they complain and the remonstrances they have addressed to the Council. We know no more of the circumstances than can be collected from this statement, which we admit is *ex parte*—but, however much the facts might be qualified in reply, still it must be manifest that these Students are, in their own opinions, far more competent to direct proceedings than either the Council or the Director; which latter they unhesitatingly denounce as "a paid servant of the public," wanting in "comprehensive" views, and "utterly incompetent"—they also protest against the whole course of studies—against the arrangement of the model room—against erecting the east of the Gates of Ghiberti as gates—against wasting their time on "the lowest" styles of decorative art, the "Arabesque and Pompeian"—they inform the Council that they desire to study "gothic decoration" and not "Pompeian absurdities"—they proclaim themselves to be of "that age" when the law supposes people "capable of thinking and acting for themselves," and as feeling that "in common with their fellow-subjects," they possess "the undoubted right of petitioning against any existing abuses." Can any case be clearer? One special wrong will show the state of affairs, and prove to demonstration that, before the School of Design can be carried on satisfactorily, all parties must "handy dandy and change sides"—that it is, in fact, the Council and Director that need instruction. "We were desired," says one of these public-spirited youths, "to come prepared to draw from the Lay Figure set by Mr. Wilson; but so universal was the feeling of the uselessness of the study, that only two persons did draw from it." Could ignorant oppression go farther? What right had the Director, in this free country, to desire young men of an age capable of thinking and acting for themselves to draw from the Lay Figure? Of course, a tyrannical Council could not see the force of such arguments. Lord Colborne, indeed, the President, sent for some of the protesting Students, babbled to them about insubordination, mutiny, public schools, naval service, and so forth; but they very naturally whipped him after his own fashion—"such complaints from such scholars" were not to be passed over in silence by the Council,—told him that "the charge of insubordination" sunk into "utter insignificance" as compared with their wrongs; and concluded with a hint, plain enough to be intelligible even to a Member of the Council—"our pro-

ceedings have been likened to a variety of treasonable acts; perhaps your Lordship will allow us to remind you of a similar case in Paris, that of the Polytechnic School." This was considerate; but the Council, we suspect, had had their memories refreshed by others, for they had already suspended the Students; and we do not think that, after this publication, there is much probability of their being restored.

The congress of the German Authors is stated, in letters from Leipsic, which give an account of the proceedings of the first two days, to have had very satisfactory results. The deliberations on the law which is to regulate the respective rights of authors and publishers, have been brought to a close, and are about to be published. The second meeting is to be held at Stuttgart, in the latter part of next year; and a deputation has been appointed to come to an understanding with the literary men of that town.

The *Revue de Paris* speaks of a congress of another kind, expected to take place in the capital in the month of July—and likely, if the report be true, to attract our summer tourists in that direction, in more than the accustomed numbers. The Queen of England, young Queen of Spain, King and Queen of Naples, and King of Holland, are all, it is said, to be the guests of Louis Philippe, at that period; and the apartments of Henri IV., at the Louvre, are undergoing restoration, to help out the insufficient accommodation, for such an assemblage, of the Tuileries. This confirms the statement of our Correspondent, made on the best authority, so long since as the 1st of April [see No. 910].

An exhibition of the progress of the Useful Arts, in Austria, was to be opened at Vienna, the beginning of this month; and, according to letters from that capital, every exertion was to be made to rival other similar displays, and, above all, to compete with that at Berlin.—An exhibition of the Fine Arts is also to open to the public at Brussels, on the 15th of August next; and M. de Wyna, the president of the committee, has addressed to artists a notification on the subject, which it may be useful to some of our readers to know. No work will be received after midnight of the 31st of July; and each must be addressed, carriage paid, to the committee, accompanied by a letter, stating the price demanded, the name and domicile of the artist, and the description wished to be inserted in the catalogue. The exhibition embraces, and is confined to, paintings, drawings, statues, bas-reliefs, engravings, carvings, and lithographs. No copy will be admitted; no painting, drawing, or lithograph will be received without a frame; and no work whatever which has been already exhibited in Brussels. Engravings and lithographs must come only from the authors themselves; and other works, which may have passed into the hands of purchasers, will not be accepted without a written authority from the artists. The president reminds artists, that, independently of the purchases which the Government intends to make, and the special distinctions which it may be induced to confer, medals of two classes will be awarded to exhibitors.

Count de Vigny and M. Vitet have been elected Members of the French Academy, in the place of MM. Etienne and A. Soumet, deceased; and Dr. Longet, a writer of eminence on anatomy and physiology, a member of the Academy of Medicine.

To the familiar names, in art, science or literature, mentioned by us, last week, as being included in the recent honorary decorations in France, we may add the following,—observing that we record such matters generally, merely for the purpose of helping our readers to compare the social position assigned to men of genius abroad with that which our manners and institutions award them at home. Amongst the members of the Institute, have been promoted,—to the dignity of Grand Officer, M. Gay-Lussac, Peer of France;—to the rank of Commander, MM. Augustin Thierry; Florens;—to that of Officer, MM. the Baron Walckenaer; Hase; the Count Beugnot, Peer of France; Leprovost; Amédée Jaubert, Peer of France; Sturm; Pouillet; De Jussieu; Giraud;—to the rank of Chevalier, MM. La Boulaye; De la Saussaye; Lelut; Benoiston de Châteauneuf; Plans, Correspondent of the Institute at Turin; and Toschi, foreign associate at Parma. We find, also, the names of M. Burnouf, M. de Pongerville, M. Halévy, M. Beaulieu (de Nancy), and M. Leroux de Lincy: and we must not forget that of Jamin, the

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barber-poet of Agen,—to whom M. de Salvandy, the Minister of Public Instruction, sent a flattering letter, saying that the King was pleased to grant him the cross in consequence of his having preserved, from all danger of perishing, the old language and literature of the days of Henry the Fourth.—The King of the Belgians has also conferred the Royal Order of Leopold on the following distinguished individuals:—The rank of Officer on MM. Isabey, Spontini, Schwanthaler, and Kaubach; and the cross of Chevalier on MM. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, and David Bertolotti, of Turin.

We are sure that the public will learn, with deep regret, what, however, was foreshadowed by his friends by years of sickness and suffering, that Mr. Hood has left a widow and two children in straitened and precarious circumstances, with no other means of subsistence than a small pension, terminable on the failure of the widow's life, barely sufficient to supply a family of three with common necessities, and totally inadequate for the education and advancement of the orphan children. Even this scanty resource has been, of necessity, forestalled to a considerable extent during the last five months, in order to meet the heavy sick-room and funeral expenses. We have just heard that the following noblemen and gentlemen, admirers of Mr. Hood's genius, but, above all, of the generous devotion of that genius to the cause of suffering humanity, have formed themselves into a committee, for the purpose of raising a sum by subscription, to be held in trust for the benefit of the family during the widow's life, and at her death to be divided between the children, whom that event will leave destitute.

Committee.

The Marquis of Northampton, Dr. W. Elliot.
Baron de Rothschild, Lord Francis Egerton.
R. Monckton Milnes, Esq., Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart.
M.P. T. Noon Talford, Esq.
Harrison Ainsworth, Esq. D. Salomons, Esq.
A. Spottiswoode, Esq. Samuel Phillips, Esq.
T. Rees, Esq. W. Harvey, Esq.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.
THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN at their GALLERY, FIFTY-THREE, PAUL MALL.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.
THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY IS NOW OPEN at their GALLERY, 5, PAUL MALL.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.
THE FORTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN at their GALLERY, 5, PAUL MALL, East, each day, from Nine till Six.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—REDUCED PRICE OF ADMITTANCE.—Just Opened, with a new and highly interesting exhibition, representing the CASTLE and TOWN of HEIDELBERG (formerly the residence of the Electors Palatine of the Rhine) under the various aspects of Winter and Summer, Mid-day and Evening, and the exterior view of the CATHEDRAL of NOTRE DAME at Paris, as seen at Sunset and Moonlight, and which has been so universally admired. Both pictures are painted by Le Chevalier Remon. Open from 10 till 6. Admission to view both Pictures—Saloon, 1s.; Stalls, 2s. as heretofore.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—THE ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY, exhibited by a WORKING MODEL, being a power to carry visitors. A CURIOUS MECHANICAL HAND on a person who has lost his natural hand. DR. RYAN'S LECTURES on the CHEMISTRY of DOMESTIC LIFE daily, at a quarter past Three, and on Wednesday and Friday evenings at a quarter past Nine. PROF. BACHOFFER'S VARIOUS LECTURES with brilliant experiments. LECTURES on CHARACTER, with MUSICAL ILLUSTRATIONS by Mr. J. RUSSELL, accompanied by Dr. Wallis on the Pianoforte, on the evenings of Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, at Eight o'clock. New and beautiful objects in the CHROMATROPE, PHYSIOSCOPE, PROTEOSCOPE, &c. NEW DISSOLVING VIEW, SUBMARINE EXPERIMENTS by the DIVER, and DIVING BELT. Working Models described daily.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-Price.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—May 12.—R. I. Murchison, Esq., President, in the chair.—Three new members were elected. Extracts were read from a paper, by Mr. J. Masters, with remarks, 'On the Navigation of the Gulf of Mexico,' with notes on Tampico, Tuspan, Vera Cruz, Anton-Lizardo, Tabasco, &c., but which, being chiefly filled with nautical details, need not be abridged. A notice was then read, 'On Grand Canary Island,' from the pen of Baron Leopold von Buch, to illustrate a new map of Grand Canary, compiled by his countryman, Berg-haus, from the copious materials furnished by M. von Buch during his former surveys of that island. According to M. von Buch, who was present, 'Great Canary Island is of the greatest interest for the theory of volcanoes, as few islands exhibit so distinctly the conformity between the shape of the coast and

the central crater of elevation. This conformity, it is evident, is wholly opposed to the idea of the island being a fragment of the supposed submerged Atlantis. The whole is clearly an independent mass raised up as we see it from the bed of the ocean. The central crater is not a crater of eruption, for in its interior there are neither score, nor rapilli, nor lava currents: it is a crater of elevation of the most decided character, and which has never given rise to any volcanic phenomena properly so called. The eruptions and lava currents are found only on the north-east side of the island, and on the Isleta, which is almost wholly formed of the latter. Thus Great Canary Island, should be considered as a dependence of the great Volcanic Canal, which communicates with the atmosphere by the Peak of Teneriffe, the central volcano of the whole group of the Canaries.' In commenting upon, and explaining, the great value of this and numerous previous communications of the author, in establishing the intimate connexion that exists between geography and geology, the President, after a well-merited eulogy on the services rendered by Mr. L. von Buch to both sciences, congratulated the Society on his re-appearance in England after an absence of thirty-six years, and admitted him as one of its most distinguished former members, amid the warm greetings of all present.

On the table were laid some specimens of Indian cloth manufactures, lately brought home from Timor, Celebes, &c., by Mr. Windsor Earle, who considered the state of the cloth manufactures in the different islands, as a fair sample of the comparative civilization of the people.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—May 14.—Mr. Hutton in the chair.—An extract was first read from a letter, by Dr. A. Gesner, 'On the Gypsiferous Red Sandstone of Nova Scotia.'

A paper was read, by Mr. Austin, 'On the Coal Beds of Lower Normandy.' The chief object of the author was to describe the actual geological position of these small basins, and suggest that they might rather be of the Permian than the true Carboniferous period.

Dr. Mantell read a paper, entitled 'Notes of a Microscopical Examination of the Chalk and Flint of the South-East of England, with remarks on the Animalcules of certain Tertiary and modern deposits.' In this paper, the author offered some remarks.—1. On the organic composition of white chalk, and the infusoria contained in that bed. 2. On the organic structure and minute fossil bodies of chalk-flints, chiefly with reference to the so-called Xanthidie. 3. On the animalcules of the Tertiary strata of England, and the occurrence of living species of infusoria in the British seas identical with the Miocene deposits of Virginia. The author concluded by suggesting that a much larger proportion of the sedimentary strata than has been generally supposed may have had an organic origin.

A paper was read, by Mr. Bowerbank, 'On some specimens of Pterodactyl recently found in the lower chalk of Kent.'

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.—April 11.—Captain W. H. Smyth, R.N., President, in the chair.—W. W. Boreham, Esq. and W. Peters, Esq. were elected Fellows.

The following communications were read:—

'On the Longitude of Paramatta,' by C. Rumker, Esq.

'Observations of the Great Comet of 1844-5, made at the Cape of Good Hope,' by T. Maclear, Esq.

'Elements of De Vico's Second Comet,' by the Pupils of the Observatory at Naples, extracted from a letter from E. Cooper, Esq.

'Observations of the Great Comet of 1844-5, made at Trevandrum,' by J. Caldecott, Esq.

'Observations of Mauvais' Second Comet (third series), made at the Cape of Good Hope, under the direction of T. Maclear, Esq.'

'On the Use of a new Micrometer, and its Application to the Determination of the Parallax of Mars at his ensuing Opposition,' by M. Boguslawski.

'On the almost total Disappearance of the earliest Trigonometrical Canon,' by A. De Morgan, Esq.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—May 12.—H. E. Kendall, V.P. in the chair.—The Rev. Richard

Burgess, B.D., Hon. Member, read a paper 'On the Walls of Ancient and Modern Rome.' Mr. Burgess commenced with some observations, showing the connexion between the present subject and that of the aqueducts, which he had described on a former occasion, and gave a short historical sketch of the progressive increase of the city of Rome from the time of Romulus to the period when Servius Tullius and his successor completed the enclosure of the Seven Hills, by fortifying the eastern side of the city exposed to the Sabine territory by the agger, or mound crowned with a stone wall of which some vestiges can be traced in the vineyard beneath the Villa Barberini. He then proceeded to describe the several alterations and additions made under the Emperor Aurelian, about which time it was discovered that something more than rough stone walls was necessary for the defence of the city: at this time the circuit was much extended, and many towers added; and subsequent extensions and reparations were effected under the Emperors Honorius and Justinian, and under Belisarius and Narses. A description was then given of the various modes of construction adopted during the long intervening period which elapsed to the time of Pope Leo IV. when the city became papal, and on that of Pope Nicholas V., by whom the ancient walls, which had been greatly injured during the repeated convulsions of the empire, and by the devastations of succeeding ages, were, to a great extent, restored. Mr. Burgess then explained the various additions made to the papal walls, by Pope Pius IV. and Urban VIII., and exhibited some fragments of the constructions, showing that the materials employed were different in the several portions.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—May 6.—R. W. Barchard, Esq. in the chair.—E. A. De Grave, H. J. Milbank, Esqs., and Mr. C. Wood, were elected Fellows. This being the season of Azaleas and Rhododendrons, several fine varieties were produced. Among the latter were beautiful cut blooms from W. Wells, Esq., including *R. campanulatum*, a perfectly hardy Indian species, of considerable beauty, which will suffer any amount of cold without the least injury. The latter is easily distinguished by its somewhat large and flat foliage, the underside of which is covered with a soft ferruginous down, and by its large white flowers which are tinged with pink. The principal part of these Rhododendrons had been kept during winter under the canvas of a tulip shade, assisted by mats at the sides in very severe weather, but exposed to the weather at all favourable times. A Banksian medal was awarded. From the Dean of Winchester, a collection of blooms of hybrid Rhododendrons in excellent condition. These were mentioned to have stood the whole of this untoward winter unprotected in the open gardens, at Bishopstoke, where the plants are now in full beauty. Sir P. G. Egerton, Bart., again sent a collection of seedling Cacti, among which, one named *regalis* is a fine showy scarlet flower, measuring fully six inches across. From Messrs. Veitch and Son, was *Bletia catenulata*, which was found by their collector, Mr. Lobb, growing on dry shady hills, near Muna, in Peru. It is the original species named by the Spanish botanists after Don Louis Blet, whose name the genus bears, and is not known to have been before introduced into this country. Messrs. Loddiges sent *Epacris miniata*; a species of recent introduction, having much of the aspect of *E. grandiflora*, but possessing peculiarities which readily distinguish it from that species. The flowers are long, of a rosy-pink colour, passing into pure white at the end of the tubes; indeed, we can scarcely imagine anything more beautiful than this plant when in full bloom; it was awarded a Banksian medal. From the garden of the Society, was a *Spirea Recciana*, a hardy species, but whose pretty heads of white flowers and fine green foliage render it well worthy of a place in the greenhouse, where it is very ornamental at this season. Seeds of *Buddleia Lindleyana* were distributed, a native of Chusan, where it was found by Mr. Fortune, growing in ravines and on banks, in company with *Glycine sinensis*; it is said to form a fine shrub five or six feet in height, with clusters of deep violet flowers, probably as large as those of the Persian lilac. It is supposed that it will turn out to be hardy.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.—April 4.—J. E. Gray, Esq. F.R.S., President, in the chair.—C. E. Broome, Esq. was elected a Member.—The Rev. A. Bloxam presented specimens of *Fissidens Bloxami* (Wilson), a new British moss, discovered by him near Twycross, Leicestershire.—Read: 'Descriptions of Photographic Drawings of Plants,' by Mr. E. Palmer.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—May 5.—The Rev. F. W. Hope, F.R.S., President, in the chair.—A collection of insects from Naples, was presented by the President, who also exhibited a large ant-lion from the plains of Marathon; and Captain Parry some new and curious exotic insects from New Holland and Brazil. Mr. S. Stephens described a new plan of setting the wings of moths for the cabinet, and Mr. Lamb presented a large and singular locust from New Zealand. There were read an account of some experiments on insects made with reference to their want of pain, by Mr. Boreham, and observations on the genus *Holoparnax*, Curtis (*Kalyptobium*, Villa), by Mr. J. O. Westwood.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.—May 5.—A short notice was read by the President (Prof. Graham), 'On the presence of Phosphoric Acid in the Deep-well Water of the London Basin.' This is the water from the chalk, below the London clay. It is highly soft and alkaline, and remarkable for the predominance of soda salts over earthy salts, among its solid constituents, as appears from their composition in the case of the well of the Castle-street Brewery, Long-acre, which gave from 100 parts—carbonate of soda 11, sulphate of soda 53, chloride of sodium 22, carbonate of lime 11, carbonate of magnesia 2, silica 1, phosphate of lime 0.34, and phosphate of iron 0.43. The author was led to look for phosphoric acid in this water from the extremely rapid growth of green coniferæ often observed in it; and he suggests the inquiry, whether the value of some waters for irrigation may not depend upon their containing phosphoric acid, this constituent having been hitherto overlooked in waters.—A singular crystallized Alloy of Zinc, Iron, Lead and Copper, was described by Mr. Warren Delarue.—A discussion also took place respecting the production of Cyanide of Potassium, from the action of the nitrogen of the air upon charcoal and carbonate of potash, which has been called in question, although lately proposed as the basis of a manufacturing process. Certain results obtained by Prof. Bunsen were communicated by Dr. Playfair, which confirm the old experiments of Mr. L. Thompson and Dr. Fownes, that cyanogen is always produced in this way, provided the temperature be sufficiently intense to convert the iron tube in which the materials are heated into steel.

ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—April 23.—Admiral Sir Charles Malcolm, President, in the chair.—Major General Briggs, R. Cull, J. Rigg, A. Gledstanes, D. Wilson, and R. Rayley, Esqs. were elected members. Dr. King then read a paper 'On the Human Mouth,' by Mr. Nasmyth. No feature, said Mr. Nasmyth, bears so instructively on the solution of the difficult problems involved in the study of Ethnology, as the form of the mouth and the development of the teeth. In the lower animals the mouth is peculiarly adapted to their exigencies, but in that of man exists a medium type fitted to every peculiarity of terrestrial existence. No other conformation than that given to him can at once admit of perfect articulation and mastication of his varied food: moreover it is the organ of intellectual expression. Deviations in the character of the mouth, Mr. Nasmyth contends, are simply the effects of deviations in the habits of individuals composing races. When these deviations are partial they are shown, in individuals; when general, they amount to a national or tribe characteristic. The natural action of the lower jaw upon the upper, is to push out, avert, or expand the arch of the upper jaw, while on the other hand it is impossible by any habit to bring in, or to contract that arch, so as to produce out of the advanced jaw of the Negro the vertical jaw of the Caucasian; a vertical is said to be the original development of the infant Negro, the advanced mouth of the adult Negro is, therefore, not congenital but factitious. The Negro of the southern provinces of the United States, owing to the different circumstances in which he is placed, has not the advanced mouth of his progenitors of Africa, after the second or third

generations. Mr. Nasmyth then proceeded to show that the plasticity of the mouth in infancy was such as to admit the factitious development pointed out. After the reading of this paper, Dr. Wolf addressed the society on the Asiatic tribes of his acquaintance, the Turkomans holding a prominent place.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—April 29.—Sir John Rennie, President, in the chair.—The discussion on the Atmospheric system of railways was renewed by Mr. Bidder presenting a statement in a tabular form, from which he deduced the tractive force which the atmospheric system was capable of exerting over a pipe of a mile in length, and by taking from this the losses consequent on the friction and gravity of the train, showed that which was due to the resistance of the atmosphere, &c. His statements were proved by reference to the experiments of Mr. Samuda. His investigations also enabled him to render conspicuous the loss arising from the friction of the air within the tube, which accounted satisfactorily for some apparent discrepancies in the acceleration of velocity of different trains at the end of the tube. His views on this point were confirmed by the experiments of Mr. Gregory and M. Mallet. The discussion of the basis of the deductions reported by Mr. Stephenson was then disposed of, with the generally prevailing admission of its truth. The commercial part of the question was then entered upon. It was shown that if Mr. Samuda's estimate for the apparatus, as applied to the Croydon line, was reduced by half, or from 6,000l. to 3,000l. per mile, the mere interest of the outlay at 5 per cent. would amount to 10l. per mile per annum more than the present cost of locomotive power on the Norwich and Yarmouth line. It had been stated before the House of Commons that a smaller apparatus could be constructed to do the work. The fallacy of this assumption, and the calculations, were analyzed and exposed, inasmuch as it was shown to be impossible for the contrivance to perform the amount of work for which it was designed, and that that work was not analogous to that which was required by the traffic of the Yarmouth and Norwich Railway, inasmuch as the bulk of the traffic was, of necessity, by particular trains, which rendered their weight about four times greater than had been estimated for. The speed attained on the South Shields and the Newcastle and Carlisle Railways, with the usual number of stoppages, was given, and the deduction substantiated that a velocity of upwards of 30 miles per hour was attained within a distance of three quarters of a mile from the starting point. Experiments were also quoted, showing—first, that a locomotive train could be stopped in a shorter distance than a train on the atmospheric railway; and, secondly, that the engine and tender alone were stopped in one-fourth of the distance that the train alone was stopped.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—May 9.—Lord Prudhoe, President, in the chair.—Mr. Carmichael, 'On the Manufacture of Wire-ropes.' This manufacture has grown up within the last four or five years. Till the year 1839-40 there were no real wire-ropes in this country, i. e. no manipulation of wire, first producing strands, and then combining these strands into a single rope. Mr. Carmichael briefly noticed the improvements which had been made in the manufacture of hempen cordage during the last fifty years. He laid great stress on Captain Huddart's contrivance for varying the length of the yarns, according to their distance from the centre of the rope, so that each, throughout its course, being kept at the same distance from the central strand, was subjected more nearly to the same amount of tension. The characteristic difference between the mechanical principles of the manufacture of the hempen and the wire-rope was then inculcated. *Twisting is essential to the structure of the former, but would be destructive of the latter fabric.* This principle, long overlooked, was discovered by Mr. Newall, the patentee of the improved wire-rope, and the object of his machinery is to carry that principle into effect. The wire-rope consists of a hempen core, the horizontal section of which exhibits seven equal circles, six round a central one; these, according to a known geometrical law, touch the central circle, and also each other. Round this central core are six strands, formed exactly in the same way, except that while the central core is of hempen (as is the core of the rope), it is surrounded by six wires,

—the diameters of these wires being equal to those of the yarns of the core; so that a section of the rope exhibits 49 equal circles (36 wire and 13 hempen), arranged in a sort of hexagonal form, the lines joining the centres of the hempen cores of each strand producing a regular hexagon. Having exhibited the machines by which Mr. Newall lays the wires in the strands, avoiding all twist, Mr. Carmichael stated some of the purposes to which this manufacture had been applied. He premised, that the greatest strength is obtained when wire made of hard iron is used. Ropes thus manufactured are stronger, lighter, and cheaper than hempen cordage bearing equal weights; consequently, when materials are raised from a depth in mines, a heavier load may be lifted with equal power whenever the wire-rope is used. For the same reason, this fabric is preferable in the fixed rigging of ships; and its value for railway purposes has been proved by decisive tests. As long as hempen ropes were used on the Blackwall Railway, there were often two or three breakages a-day. Since these have been superseded by the iron-wire, there have not occurred more than twelve fractures in twelve months, and during six thousand journeys.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—May 14.—R. Rotch, Esq., V.P. in the chair.—R. Schneider and L. Ama, Esqs., and A. E. Mastellier, were elected members. Mr. Albano's expanding Fire-Escape, on the principle of the "lazy tongue," was the first subject brought forward. It consists of a four-wheeled carriage on which the expanding apparatus is placed, and which, altogether, occupies a space equal to 9 feet in length, 3 feet 6 inches in height, and 3 feet 6 inches in width. It is so arranged, that the whole of the upper structure can be removed from the carriage at a minute's notice. The expanding apparatus can be raised by one man to the height of 42 feet by means of 9 turns of the working spindle—convenient rope-ladders for lowering persons from the upper parts of buildings on fire, complete the contrivance.

A Music Board for teaching singing lessons in schools, invented by Mr. Ingram, was described. It consists of a large square frame padded and covered with calico or linen, on which are stretched pieces of tape corresponding with the lines; the notes, bars, clefs, &c., are made of card-board, and are readily placed behind the lines when required for setting up any particular tune; when the notes, &c., are above the lines, they are secured to the padded frame by means of small pins.

The Secretary read a paper, by Mr. Napier, of 'On separating Metals from their Ores by means of Electricity,'—described, *ante*, p. 465.

The Society's Repository was lighted with two gas lights on Mr. D. Grant's ventilating principle—the chief novelty of which consists in substituting earthen or glass ventilating tubes for those of metal, whereby less heat is given out, and the unpleasant odour arising from heated brass or iron obviated.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

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| SAT. | Antislavery Society, 2 P.M.—Anniversary. |
| MON. | Antislavery Society, 8. |
| | Chemical Society, 8. |
| TUES. | Civil Engineers, 8. |
| WED. | Literary Fund, 8. |
| | Society of Arts, 8.—General Meeting. |
| | Microscopical Society, 8. |
| | Ethnological Society, 8.—'On the Ancient Inhabitants of the Canary Islands,' by Dr. Hodgkin. |
| THURS. | Royal Society, half-past 8. |
| | Royal Society of Literature, 4. |
| | Society of Antiquaries, 8. |
| | Numismatic Society, 7. |
| | Medico-Botanical Society, 8. |
| FRI. | Royal Institution, half-past 8.—Mr. Fownes 'On the State and Prospects of Organic Chemistry.' |
| | Philological Society, 8. |

FINE ARTS

SCULPTURE.

Mr. Westmacott, in his fourth lecture, delivered on the 29th ult., resumed the history of Sculpture after its decline under the Romans.

He observed that in Rome the art could never be considered as belonging to an independent school, for it was practised chiefly, if not entirely, by Greek sculptors. Sculpture was patronized by the Romans either from an affection to imitate, in some measure, the elegant people they had conquered; or, perhaps, from a love of display, using statues as decorations for their palaces and villas. With the exception of Hadrian, there scarcely was one of their long line of emperors who had a true feeling

for Art, or individuality of the arts, was them. Accumulations on such only exhibit degradation. The dismemberment of the quick stirring times. It was Art found painters are keeping all of these the second manuscript in the British Museum, art in the time of illu British M pels, written recorded. lation, and St. Cathb laded to, Cambridg tianity, an came to b first, symbl representat At length, play its w figures of rudely pai a new an question a of our reli churches, their disci be made m ion upon that we sl century, l time, and that the perfect be lasted till of Alexan mean app the monks most coar markabl beautiful among the Greeks wh they shoul system wh highest su It has be proves dec which was the Saviou fore the a presentation During scarcely h tempted, l exact date, is a total c ceivable h been put of better directions. Christianit logy, may dice again the Art w allowed to be said, un Mr. We of the smal and Pisa; and Art, it was consec

for Art, or a just appreciation of its value; and his individual exertions could do but little to advance the arts, when there was no general interest felt in them. After the age of some good portraits, the accumulation of crowded and ill-executed compositions on sarcophagi, and in architectural decoration, only exhibited Sculpture in a state of the lowest degradation.

The disturbances that agitated Europe after the dismemberment of the Roman Empire, affected all the quiet pursuits of life; and the actors in those stirring times were exclusively engaged in war or politics. It was in the cloister only that Literature and Art found a refuge. Here arose the class of religious painters and illuminators, to whom we are indebted for keeping alive the embers of Art. Some of the works of these artists are attributed to so early a date as the second century after Christ; and a painted manuscript of Cicero's translation of Aratus, preserved in the British Museum, has been thought to be of this time, from the appearance of traces of Greek art in the design. By the seventh century the practice of illuminating was widely extended; and in the British Museum is a very curious folio of the Gospels, written and painted by Saxons, whose names are recorded. It has an interlinear Anglo-Saxon translation, and is known to have been illuminated for St. Cuthbert. Other MSS., so decorated, were added to, in the British Museum, at Oxford, and at Cambridge. After the firm establishment of Christianity, an entirely new field was opened, when Art came to be enlisted in the service of Religion. At first, symbolism and allegory were resorted to, and representation was but slowly and timidly attempted. At length, however, inward thought required to display its workings in forms and visible images; and figures of our Saviour and the Evangelists were rudely painted. It is remarkable that, at this crisis, a new and strange difficulty arose. This was the question as to the proper form in which the Founder of our religion should be represented. In the Eastern churches, Tertullian, and Clement of Alexandria and their disciples, declared the figure of Christ should be made most homely and coarse: founding this opinion upon the text, "He had no form or comeliness, that we should desire him." As early as the fourth century, however, St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, Augustine, and Chrysostom contended, on the contrary, that the representation should be that of the most perfect beauty. The discussion appears to have lasted till the eighth century, when St. Basil and Cyril of Alexandria still vehemently asserted the Saviour's mean appearance; and the Byzantine paintings, by the monks and followers of this school, exhibit the most coarse and even repulsive images. It is remarkable that the opponents to the adoption of beautiful form should have been found in the East, among the descendants, it may be said, of those Greeks who fixed the beautiful in Art; and that they should have been the violent supporters of a system which would have proscribed it in the very highest subject in which Art could be employed. It has been truly observed that this controversy proves decisively that there was no traditional type which was admitted to represent the human form of the Saviour. The Western churchmen, and therefore the artists, also established the type that was afterwards developed so happily in the exquisite representations of the Virgin and infant Christ.

During the period just considered Sculpture is scarcely heard of. The few works that were attempted, but to which it is not easy to assign any exact date, were of the most rude description. There is a total absence of beauty and skill, and it is inconceivable how such miserable productions could have been put forth in countries where remains of works of better form must have been lying about in all directions. The indisposition to connect the Art of Christianity in any way with that of the old mythology, may have contributed much to create a prejudice against the ancient models; but still, as imitative Art was adopted, it is remarkable that it was allowed to appear under so barbarous and, it may be said, unimitative a character.

Mr. Westmacott next referred to the establishment of the smaller principalities in Italy; as Venice, Genoa, and Pisa; and the rise of intelligence, in Literature and Art, in those states. The church of St. Sophia was consecrated in 1085: it exhibits the Eastern

style of design, and the mosaics in the interior may be considered to be from Greek paintings of the age. The cathedral of Pisa is of about the same date. The appearance of Cimabue in 1240, and of his scholar Giotto, and the quality and influence of their art, were then considered. Giotto's high merit was particularly instanced in his works in the church Dell' Arena at Padua. Soon after their time the sculptors called the Pisani, Niccolò and Giovanni, appeared. Under them the art was said to have assumed a distinct and appropriate character. Mr. Westmacott thought there could be no doubt that their scholars spread themselves over Europe, and assisted in decorating the numerous churches that were being erected. It has been supposed that the study of some ancient fragments, discovered at Pisa, improved the style of the Pisani. Without disputing the influence superior works may have had upon minds just awakening to a sense of the charm of Art, Mr. Westmacott felt disposed to doubt whether its effect was so great as some have imagined. He perceived a totally distinct character and feeling in the Christian Sculpture; and, without in the slightest degree underrating the excellence of the ancient examples, he thought it but just to assert the claim to original character which divides modern Christian Art from that of the Greek schools. It seems to have been practised on an entirely different principle, and after the first rude, and almost frightful attempts of the painters and "mosaicists," the revivers of Art aimed at once at appealing to the sympathies, by offering subjects of deep interest and affecting associations, rather than, as had been done in ancient Art, to gratify the eye and please the fancy by the representation of beautiful forms.

Religion called forth the Sculpture of the Greeks. Religion, also, was the power which called forth Christian Art. It was deficient in technical qualities; but, even at an early period, it had in it the spirit—the meaning and intention—which showed it was the pouring forth of true feeling. Those who have taken the pains to study the works of the Revival, must admit that there is nothing in the whole range of Greek Art superior to some of them for sentiment, grace, and expression—often for composition; and that they are only wanting in those mechanical excellencies which time and practice alone can give. While upon this branch of his subject, the lecturer remarked, that among the reasons that some have found for the inferiority of modern Art, an insurmountable difficulty has been said to exist in the less favourable subjects afforded by the Christian religion in comparison with those offered by the Pagan mythology. Mr. Westmacott strenuously denied this doctrine. He said it was easy to make the assertion; but if the opinion were sound, there would be an end to all attempts at ever again making Art great or excellent. He was willing to test its truth, first, on the ground of beauty; and, secondly, of subject, as affecting morals. The theory of beauty in the human figure is, that it consists in the most perfect forms adapted and accommodated to perform the functions and offices of life. The opportunities chosen by the artists of antiquity allowed them to exemplify this beauty in all its classes and varieties, especially in superior and inferior divinities and heroes. But their success in doing this, however indisputable, has not given the ancients an exclusive right and power over beauty in representing divine personages, although they had advantages, in the customs of the country allowing the constant representation of the naked figure. The gradations of beauty proper to the orders of angels and archangels, the grandeur and inspiration of prophets, the calm dignity of the apostles—to say nothing of the divine beauty that would be appropriate in the representation of our Saviour—offer examples of beauty, grace, and grandeur of character quite as great as are to be found in the Pagan mythology. Considered, next, in the quality of the subject—What part of the system of the ancients, it was asked, afforded such opportunities for sentiment and purity of design as arise out of the various duties and charities of Christianity? Excepting in the opportunity of displaying naked forms, the Bible surely affords the most sublime as well as the most pathetic subjects for Art. Because only the most common historical incidents have been selected for Art, it probably has been supposed that the subjects are exhausted; but the Psalms, the Prophecies, the New Testament abound in sugges-

tions quite sufficient to compete, without danger, with any that are to be found in Pagan fiction; and it is only surprising that such a source of splendour, and sublime, and simple, and affecting subjects should have been so much neglected by artists as, hitherto, they have been.

Mr. Westmacott observed, that the best works of the Pisani were to be seen at Pisa, Pistoja, Siena, and Orvieto. They consist of magnificent marble pulpits, and works of that description, enriched with bassi rilievi and statues. On the façade of the Cathedral at Orvieto are rich incrustations in white marble, representing subjects from the Old Testament. They are admirable for simplicity of composition, and for grace and feeling in the movement of the figures, and especially for the lightness and elegance of the drapery. It was mentioned as an interesting fact, that Wells Cathedral, which is so richly decorated with sculpture, was completed in 1242; before that of Orvieto was even commenced.

The next sculptor of eminence to whom Mr. Westmacott alluded, was Luca della Robbia, who lived about A.D. 1400. The character of his Art, particularly shown in rilievi in *terra cotta*, was described. These works are remarkable for being covered with a peculiar coloured varnish. The subjects usually are the Virgin and infant Christ, Christ and St. John as children, and representations of that class. The flesh is usually white, while the glory, sky, drapery, and other accessories are in brilliant tints of yellow and blue. Sometimes the composition is surrounded by a frame of flowers and fruit, sparkling with purple, green and red. There is a beautiful and simple feeling in some of Della Robbia's works, that place him, for his time, in a high rank among artists. Benedetto da Rovezzano lived about the same date. In the productions of this sculptor there is an obvious approach to great beauty of form, and they deserve attention for rich composition, expression, and skilful treatment of drapery. Lorenzo Ghiberti, the author of the splendid bronze gates of the Baptistery, at Florence, was also referred to as one of the leading sculptors of Italy. He brought to this work a great knowledge of composition, a superior acquaintance with beautiful form, and a refined feeling for expression; the execution also deserves admiration. This well-known production far excels the works of his predecessors in the restoration of the Arts, and in some respects it has not been surpassed. Its chief defect is the mis-application in it of an art that is always inconsistent with pure Sculpture. By the introduction of perspective, landscape, distant objects, and various planes, Ghiberti has rendered this otherwise beautiful work rather a series of pictures than a specimen of legitimate sculpture. The works of Donatello, who was born in 1383, were next reviewed. Two statues in Florence—one representing St. George leaning on his shield, and the other of St. Mark—were particularly described and commended; the first for its simple dignity and repose, with determined character; the other is distinguished, though in a less degree, by the same qualities; and was the statue complimented by Michel Angelo, when he exclaimed, "Marco, perchè non mi parli." Some interesting bassi rilievi, by Donatello, were also alluded to, representing groups of boys dancing, &c., beautifully and simply composed. Some of these, existing in Florence, are in very low relief, and the background is covered with small circular pieces of gold-leaf. Brunelleschi, who was afterwards the most celebrated architect of his age, at one time practised Sculpture; and an anecdote was told, from Vasari, of his making a crucifix to rival one by Donatello, in which the latter had so utterly failed in giving anything like an elevated character to the Saviour, that Brunelleschi told him he had made him more like a peasant or a labourer than a god. Donatello challenged the critic to make a better. Brunelleschi proceeded to the work, and Donatello owned himself vanquished. The two works still exist in Florence. The works of Andrea Verrocchio, and of other sculptors, were brought forward to illustrate the condition of Art at this period.

It was observed that a change came over the spirit of Art about this period, which unhappily tended to check the progress of Sculpture towards perfection in one of the most interesting modes of its application. The peculiar feeling that hitherto had pervaded Art had made it an object of general interest, because it had been used to illustrate subjects of deep impor-

tance to the people, and in exhibiting history and scenes in which their best and most serious hopes were enlisted. Not satisfied with proceeding in this course, and endeavouring to improve themselves in technical knowledge and in beautiful form, and thus illustrating original ideas, the sculptors of the fourteenth century suddenly had recourse to the mixture of ancient mythology with the existing religion. Thus, a totally foreign class of design, and of ideas, was engrafted, most unnaturally, upon original, pure sentiment; and the way was opened to the most incongruous, and, as it proved, fatal innovation,—fatal to Sculpture, for since its introduction the art has scarcely ever been presented to the world in a form that has appealed, in purity, to sympathy, or taken hold of the affections. Sculpture came to be looked upon merely as Art.

Mr. Westmacott would not dwell at any length on the works of other artists who preceded Michel Angelo,—“that great and venerable name,” to use the words of Flaxman, “without an equal in the three sister arts.” The lecturer observed, it would be impossible to enter so fully into the history and works of Michel Angelo as the position he occupied during his life, and the influence he has exercised on succeeding generations of artists, would warrant. Still, it would be desirable, and indeed necessary, to make some particular remarks upon some of the works of a sculptor who, in his own peculiar greatness, still stands fearfully without a rival. In introducing his name and school the lecturer said it should be borne in mind that, although works in sculpture had occasionally exhibited admirable qualities in their invention, expression and composition, there still was a dryness or meagreness of style. Extraordinary, and often successful, efforts had been made by such men as Ghiberti and Donatello to infuse into their productions a better and more refined quality of form; but it was left to Michel Angelo to effect that total revolution in style which has marked the art of his age with a character peculiarly its own. It consists in an undefinable vastness, a grandeur of effect, that takes entire possession of the mind. This power is strongly felt in the presence of two of his statues—the Moses, in the monument of Julius the Second, in Rome, and of his Lorenzo de Medici (not “il magnifico”) in his monument in the Medici Chapel at Florence. The Moses was mentioned as a grand effort of genius taken as a whole; disturbed, it was admitted, by objections of detail. It was pronounced to be as original in conception as, in certain respects, it is masterly in execution. The figure and its action were described. It is of colossal dimensions; and the Prophet is represented seated. One hand rests upon the Tables of the Commandments, the other crosses the front of the figure, and mingles with the lower part of the beard, which falls in ample masses to the waist. The statue is draped, but the giant arms are uncovered from the shoulders, and thus a fine contrast is made between the naked and the voluminous folds of the dress, which fall in rich profusion on the ground. The turn of the head is remarkably grand and striking; but the expression of the face is open to criticism, and the introduction of horns on the forehead produces anything but a favourable effect. This work requires, and deserves, to be studied with attention. Its merits will be found to compensate for those faults which, at first sight, offend the hasty and fastidious spectator, and which it must be admitted the manner of Michel Angelo threw, more or less, into most of the productions of his chisel and pencil. This grand work illustrates the forcible expression applied to the character of this artist's works,—“*Di Michel' Agnolo la terribile via*.” The other statue referred to of Lorenzo is also seated, and he is represented absorbed in thought. The action is one of repose; the expression that of deep meditation. It is impossible to look at this statue without being forcibly impressed with the *mind* that pervades it. For deep and intense feeling it is unrivalled. In the same chapel in which is this statue are allegorical figures, on tombs, of Day and Night, and the Dawn or Morning, and Evening. They bear the impress of the master mind and hand, but the violence of action and forced expression of these statues are out of character with the repose which is appropriate to monumental sculpture. The intimate knowledge of anatomy possessed by Michel Angelo, and the

evident mastery he had over all difficulties of execution, appear too often to have tempted him to indulge in their display at the expense of propriety of design. Another well-known work of Michel Angelo is a statue of Christ, in the Minerva Church, at Rome. It has excellencies of a high order, and displays great knowledge of form, and skill in execution: but the figure is wanting in that calm dignity and refinement which should appear in the representation of the Divine Nature under the human form. Michel Angelo evidently was thinking more of his art than of his subject. His works in reliefs are not very numerous. One, unfinished, was referred to, of the Virgin, infant Christ, and St. John, which is now in the Royal Academy of Arts. The master is declared in the full rich composition of the group, in the grand style of the forms, and in the bold and vigorous character of the execution. Mr. Westmacott said, notwithstanding our admiration of the originality of invention, the vigour and mental energy, the knowledge of anatomy and mastery of execution that appear in his productions in this art, it must be admitted that the sculpture of Michel Angelo does not give that high satisfaction which is felt in the contemplation of the best works of ancient, and some even of modern times. Sculpture is limited in its means of appealing to our senses, and if it is not practised with a strict regard to established, because well-considered, principles, it must ever fail to produce a pleasing or a lasting impression. The chief of these essential qualities is simplicity; and the total absence of the appearance of effort in accomplishing the end proposed. It is the fulfilment of this condition in the finest works of the Greeks that gives such a charm to their productions; and it is to the want of it that the unsatisfactory effect of many of the works of Michel Angelo must be attributed. This great artist died in the year 1564.

The lecturer said that the time that had been occupied in reviewing, even cursorily, the character of Michel Angelo's sculpture would necessarily prevent any very extended consideration of other artists, whose merits would otherwise entitle them to notice. Of the immediate scholars and long list of imitators of M. Angelo but little was said; but, it was observed, the master had been so unfairly judged—so overpraised by his enthusiastic admirers, and so underrated by those who, not unreasonably, object to parts of his practice, that it seemed necessary—and but just—to endeavour to show upon what ground he still holds his high place; while criticism may point out his faults, and show in what his failure may be thought chiefly to consist.

Pietro Torrigiano was a sculptor of great merit, and contemporary with Michel Angelo, of whose success and great talents he was most jealous. The disfigurement seen in the portraits of Michel Angelo was owing to the violence of Torrigiano, who, unable to contain his anger at the superiority shown on one occasion by his rival, struck him a blow which broke his nose. Torrigiano was employed in England, and a fine specimen of his talents may be seen in the tomb of Henry the Seventh, in Westminster Abbey. From this country he went to Spain, where he died. The circumstances of his end are affecting. Vasari says, Torrigiano had been commissioned by a Spanish nobleman to execute for him a crucifix. The artist finished his work, and his patron sent him the payment for it. At first Torrigiano believed he was liberally remunerated, as the person who was entrusted to carry the money bent under its great weight. Upon examining what was sent it was found to consist of a large heap of maravedis, the smallest money in use, and which, when counted up, amounted to so small a sum, in crowns, that Torrigiano indignantly sent it back; and furious at being so ill treated, unhappily for him, broke the crucifix he had made into fragments. Enraged at the affront that had thus been put upon him, the nobleman took fatal measures to punish the artist who had dared to insult him. Torrigiano was denounced as guilty of heresy. He was thrown into the prisons of the Inquisition; and died there of a broken heart. The next sculptor mentioned was Baccio Bandinelli; and some engravings of his reliefs, which are round the screen of the high altar of the Cathedral of Florence, were exhibited. His style had much grandeur in it. His draperies are large

and well massed, and, though he is unequal, some of his figures are well composed. A group of a Deposition from the Cross, in which the sculptor has introduced himself as Nicodemus, in the Church dell' Annunziata, at Florence, and other works existing in Italy, show he had a true conception of the finer qualities of art, although his taste was not very pure. Porpetia dei Rossi, a lady of Bologna, was mentioned as a sculptor practising in the early part of the seventeenth century. A rilievo by her, exhibiting a good feeling for composition, and considerable power of expression, is preserved in the Church of St. Petronio. She is represented to have been beautiful and accomplished, but, failing to inspire a mutual feeling in a young artist of whom she became enamoured, she fell into a languishing disorder, of which she died young, in 1530. Benvenuto Cellini acquired a great and well-merited reputation by his beautiful works in gold, silver and bronze, chiefly required for ornamental purposes; cups, vases, sword-handles, shields and dagger-hilts. There is a work of greater pretension at Florence by this artist. It is a bronze group of Perseus holding out the bleeding head of Medusa, whose body, with the blood spouting from the throat, lies at his feet. It is grandly conceived, and is a production of great merit; though it is deficient in refinement, both as regards the taste exhibited in the treatment of the subject, and in the choice of forms. Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography was recommended for the spirit with which it is written; for the curious information it contains on Art; and the faithful picture it affords of the manners of the time.

At the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century sculptors began to aim at curious and elaborate execution. Though works of great merit and true poetical feeling appeared, the simplicity proper to the art was lost sight of in the endeavour to astonish. The sculpture of Giovanni di Bologna, and of Bernini, and afterwards of Rybrack and Roubillac, exhibit these faults in an eminent degree.

One of the best known works of Giovanni di Bologna is a group in marble, called the ‘Rape of the Sabines.’ It deserves commendation for expression, and for great energy of action. It is also a bold and daring piece of execution, and shows the artist had considerable knowledge of form. The great fault of this otherwise meritorious work is the extravagance of its twisted composition. His famous bronze Mercury, in the Gallery of Florence, is conceived in the true spirit of poetry. The action is perhaps too energetic to please in sculpture; and the forms are not quite so refined as would be appropriate to the divine messenger of the gods. (Small casts of these works were exhibited, and their peculiarities pointed out.) Bernini was a Neapolitan, and born in 1598. He was truly an artist of genius. He was eminently imaginative, and he had great powers of execution. With these fine qualities he still must be looked upon as one who, of all others, was the most instrumental in precipitating the fall of Sculpture. The tendency to prefer minute execution to the finer qualities of design was confirmed by the popularity of this artist's works. Under Bernini all the distinctive bounds of Art were transgressed. Sculptors endeavoured to imitate the efforts of the pencil; and clouds, landscape, twisted lines and other unattainable representations were attempted, till at last it was difficult to distinguish objects amidst the flutter of execution. This sculptor's works abound in Rome, where he was constantly employed, having lived during nine pontificates. The versatility of his talents is proved by its being recorded that, on the occasion of his giving a grand dramatic entertainment in Rome, he built the theatre, painted the scenes, cast the statues, constructed the engines or machinery, wrote the comedy, and composed the music.

Gibber was mentioned, from the circumstance of his having executed two remarkable statues, which are preserved at Bethlehem Hospital. They represent Mania and Melancholy. There is great energy displayed in these figures, with truth of expression. The nature of the subject may excuse, in some measure, a forced and exaggerated style of composition, which, at a first sight, suggests the feeling that the treatment is a mannered repetition of that of the school of Michel Angelo. The forms are by

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no means equal to the other qualities referred to in these works. Cibber died in 1695.

Rysbrack and Roubiliac were much employed in England at the end of the seventeenth, and the latter to far into the eighteenth, century. Roubiliac is well known for his works, which abound in this country. The monument of Mrs. Nightingale—the statue of Eloquence, in the Argyll monument, in Westminster Abbey—the draped female figure in Bishop Hough's monument, in Worcester Cathedral—and the statue of Newton, at Cambridge, were selected and described as proofs of great power of invention and expression, and as being remarkable also for minute and most careful execution. The lecturer pointed out that a great error in Mrs. Nightingale's monument consisted in Roubiliac's not having paid sufficient attention to the line of demarcation between poetry and imitative art. He observed, nothing could be more affecting in feeling and description than the husband wailing off the stroke of death from a beloved wife; but when Sculpture attempted to give form to that idea, by representing a figure, dressed in the ordinary way, parrying a thrust from a substantial dart hurled by a skeleton—making that an agent which is a result of dissolution—it is so obviously defective in truth and keeping, that it is only necessary to refer to it to show its impropriety and want of fitness. The sacrifice of simplicity to ingenious complication and flutter, and the obvious ambition to display skill in mere execution, are sufficient to account for the comparatively low estimation in which the sculpture of the Rysbrack and Roubiliac schools is now held by all real judges of Art.

Mr. Westmacott said, in concluding this portion of the history of Sculpture, he hoped he should be pardoned for pressing strongly upon the attention of his hearers the danger there always is of amateurs being fascinated by the appearance of difficulties vanquished, and by ingenuity displayed in execution. He observed, that they who really desire to become judges of Art, and to have lasting impressions of pleasure or profit left on the mind by the contemplation of its productions, should never lose sight of the fact that,—valuable, important, and even charming as mastery over materials, and fine execution, may be,—they are but of secondary consideration when put in competition with the mind, or thought, that should pervade a work. If these are wanting, it is comparatively of little consequence that the hand only has done its part well.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

Middle Room.—Some among the best pictures in this Exhibition are in what may be called the outer-courts of the sanctuary. In the foremost rank of these is Mr. Danby's imaginative landscape, entitled *The Wood-Nymph's Hymn to the Rising Sun* (272): a poetical conception admirably executed. The arrangement of the lawn, lake, and the "mountains on mountains piled," though fantastic, is not impossible. Our artist understands the distinction between a picture and an opera-scene: we have here no outrageous perspectives, no luxuriance of gigantic flowers,—the trees, though rich enough for an Armida's rampart, are not, as in some works of the family, blasted, as by a Caliban's curse, into quaint, menacing forms—the lights are, perhaps, more conventional: and the shadows, possibly, too deep for the hour

When winking many-buds begin
To open their golden eyes.

Mr. Danby, however, never slights any portion of his pictures: his pencil is no plaything, vexatiously sported with, as by our effect-painters.

The new Royal Academician, Mr. Charles Landseer, has put himself elaborately forth this spring, in a historical picture, the epoch and personages of which are favourites with him. This is *The End of the Battle of Edge Hill* (275); but a tawdriness pervades the picture which belongs neither to the period, nor the persons, nor that particular point of history at which suspense must have filled every heart with anticipations of the morrow; which, even if twice as gloomy, could not have induced such a quietism as is here represented. There are some agreeable groups, some accurate costumes, some well-painted accessories, and a general propriety which wins upon the eye; but neither the King's council of war, nor the Princes and their attendants by whom it is framed, can claim praise beyond that

which belongs to careful composition and timid execution. We are sorry to point to this as the inaugural picture of a new Academician, though the gentler half of the visitors dwell upon it with admiring sympathy; and there are many technicalities in arrangement, colour, &c. worthy of admiration.

Mr. E. M. Ward exhibits to great advantage this spring. He is strong in his reminiscences of Hogarth, having looked, and considered, and copied (it may be) the works of England's great moral painter, till he has brought away, not merely those literal transcripts of countenance, attitude, and incident, which, after all, are best rendered by a Daguerreotype—but some slight endowings of the master's spirit—of his power over character—his intolerance of folly and pretension, and his habit of giving importance to the minutest details and accessories, by which a tea-pot in the hands of a black boy may be subtilized into a poetical incident, and even a china monster play its part as interpreter in some scene of pathos. Here (292) we have *Lord Chesterfield's Ante-room in 1748*, with Dr. Johnson sitting in sullen attendance, while the Mingotti or Frasi of the hour sweeps smilingly out, happy in her granted audience and successful petition. [One hundred years ago, by the way, the Author had not arrived at the truth, that he who spends his energies in suing the great is well nigh as untrue to Truth as he who spends his patronage in pampering the small.] The luckless lexicographer—destined, in his day, to become as unfeeling an autocrat among the clever men and pretty girls of the Streatham coterie, as Lord Chesterfield was in his sphere—has fallen among "the hard bargains," who besiege the doors of persons of condition. The city man—the ill-used defender of his country—the divine, yawning as he looks through the window, and the widow and her son, are all there;—doleful and work-day outcasts to the butterfly group of artists, who are sailing forth from the audience, and the gentleman with the obsequious back, whose turn is come to enter the presence. We have already indicated that, with all the kindly purpose of this picture, it contains something of a worn-out popular fallacy, if tried by a high moral standard; as a work of humorous art, however, it does its artist substantial credit. The story is clearly told, the heads are cleverly discriminated, the colouring is fresh, solid and harmonious. It is a good, national picture, in short; worthy a place in any contemporary gallery.

Mr. Academician Allan's huge *Sea Fight* (304) helps us over an acre of wall, so that we need not stop again till we arrive at Mr. Frost's *Sabrina* (325), a design, we believe, for another of the Buckingham Palace frescos, and, according to our judgment, by no means either the worst or least poetical of the series. Mr. Frost's are true water nymphs, as they glide upwards with long flowing hair and interlacing arms, supporting the pale spiritual creature they are tending. Without having recourse to conceit, or a too literal trading upon the property-man's stock of water-flowers, sedges, rainbow-hued garments, and the like,—he has contrived to suggest the flow of waves, the purity and chillness of the river-depths: his picture is throughout instinct with that sweet and wild harmony which is the life-breath of "Undine" and the tune of Weber's "Mermaid song"—one which the visitor will hardly leave without a remembrance, not wholly in discord with the music of Milton's chaste and delicious poem. Perhaps, in attempting to convey the impression made by this design, we are ourselves running into rhapsody. We see, too, that there is much timid, if not incorrect drawing;—nevertheless, the purity and the elegance of the work are not to be passed over, in days when Imagination seems to have been frightened out of the world by charlatanism and artifice. The picture, too, is better painted than any by Mr. Frost with which we have, aforesaid, made acquaintance.

Why Mr. Townsend's "*Ariel*" (323), already etched, we believe, for the short-lived Polytechnic Union, should be garnished with a line from Childe Harold—

The moon is up, and yet it is not night,

—we cannot guess, unless it be to account for a certain rosy suffusion of colouring, proper enough for "blue Friuli's mountains," but not quite in harmony with the "bat's back," and the "after sunset" of the Shakespeare song. There are freaks which are signs

of Genius; this one seems to us to be merely a token of eccentricity.

Not very far from *Ariel* and *Sabrina* hangs a picture as different in fancy as a piece of Romish mass-music from Mendelssohn's Shakspearian overture. This is Mr. Herbert's church picture (338) of *St. Gregory the Great teaching a little company of Choir Boys*. It is needless, assuredly, to say that we do not enter into the fopperies and extremes of that school of art to which this composition must be referred. We cannot understand Modern Time masquerading in Middle Age garb—nor conceive that fatnesses and formalities, of old inevitable and natural, are now to be embraced and cultivated as beauties because they are old. This for the hundredth time:—because the evil is growing with Mr. Herbert:—otherwise his picture is clever of its kind, and calculated to enchant those devoted to the popular cultivation of Music. The heads are all good, and the treatment as regards light, shadow, and colour, more in accordance with the canons of modern discovery than Mr. Herbert's wont. How far he can go by way of freak, is to be seen in his portrait of *Mr. A. W. Pugin* (423), an attempt at the old German stiffness, very curiously pedantic. The face of the critical and ultra-Catholic architect, most canonically dressed in black velvet robes, and inlaid into a background of what country people would call a "savage green" damask, is as flat as the Sun's visage on a tea-board. The artist, we fear, has not learned his lesson. However deficient they might be in science, the antique painters, after whom he strains, were perfect as regards mechanism. The purity, and richness, and solidity of their painting has preserved their works with the unimpaired lustre of diamonds and rubies, to the present hour. No make-shift work is there! no snuff-shadows under the nose—no escaping from the tedious process of working up a surface by hatchings, and stippings, and streaks,—of which devices (inventions of modern flimsiness) Mr. Herbert is not clear. Perhaps the patience, the concentrated thought, the very material, even, of these antique painters, may be unattainable; but in these lay their strength—and not in aping the short-comings of a less instructed century.

To return—after a passing word in notice of a little painting by Mr. H. W. Phillips, *Women at the Crucifixion* (336), the merit of which, as a piece of expression, is too likely to be lost, owing to sundry gaily-hued neighbours:—and after a recognition of Mr. Kennedy's *Knights Charles and Ubaldo* (347) coming in sight of the two Nymphs, as Tasso has sung: a picture consensually clever in its anacronistic way (not according to Tasso)—we shall pause at another of the favourite works of the Exhibition, Mr. Webster's *Dame School* (360). Every one will understand this picture—every one appreciate its humour. Verily, the naughtiness of Childhood is more inexhaustible than its innocence. Here we have a fair nosegay of such "human blossoms" (as the poet calls them) as are accustomed to shoot under the care of those Mother Hubbards whom educational societies are fast banishing from the world. Only a very few among the scholars mind their books with anything of the right patience and wholesome awe:—the rest are given up to all manner of impudent games and idle diversions. Cat's cradle is going on merrily "behind backs"—the dunce of the school is "tickled with a straw" by an arch urchin while he pores and puzzles over the lesson which never can be made to penetrate its way into his dull brain—one small child is deep in the interior of a pippin: another making faces over his slate instead of figures on it. This is a dangerous picture, we fear, to "infantry" of a dramatic turn, given to act what they see. By the critic, perhaps, the composition may be found too scattered,—but the reality is so intense, and the handiwork so careful, that we can dispense for once with some of the composer's craft, and accept the work for what it is, a piece of Nature.

Once again, we must call the Hanging Committee to order. On what principle of justice to either Mr. Webster or Mr. E. Goodall, did they hang the latter's *Le bon Curé* (361) directly below the work just visited?—Mr. Goodall's is also a cabinet picture, in which though the "old woman" is a Catholic priest, and the scene without a vine-hung cottage, and not within the school of Shenstone's hamlet,—children play a principal part. It is not fair to either artist to bring the two so close together: let us add, that Mr. Goodall is no

longer in a condition to be stooped to. Those, however, who do so, in their desire to study the progress of one of the most rising artists of our day, will find him here weaker in character and less happy in his composition than in the picture at the British Institution; but nevertheless simple, full of feeling, and painting with a brilliancy and sweetness of hand which would have done no discredit to any of the renowned Flemings. His *Connemara Market Girls* (553) in the *West Room*, justifies similar remarks. Mr. Goodall should study arrangement, concentration of interest, and clearness of story: as regards execution, he might be studied by some of his elders with advantage.

An opera glass is required to enable the visitor to see any originality or effect in Mr. Müller's *Cingaries playing to a Turkish Family* (367): yet it possesses both—though but for a certain bit of colour he is very fond of, we should have passed it over among the obscurities which it is charity to hide where they can "blush unseen." Mr. F. R. Pickersgill's *Four Ages* (362) is likewise in this neighbourhood. We could fancy that the artist had been looking at Bendemann's well-known 'Israelites in Captivity,' since though his picture be not a servile imitation, it is, assuredly, very like a reminiscence.

And now, to break the monotony of so long dealing in the same article with matters of merely human interest, let us introduce a paragraph or two concerning other subjects:—leaving the *West* and *Octagon Rooms*, and the *Portraits, Drawings and Miniatures* for a last visit.

Landscapes.—In this department there are few, too few, new exhibitors. Will none of our young gentlemen try to make up for the loss of Constable and Callcott? Are we for our romance to be given over to Mr. Turner, with none to interpose,—and for our reality to the lane scenes and chalk-pits of Mr. Lee? The former is more wondrous than ever this year: wondrous, because in many of his pictures no "distance" can "lend enchantment to the view," nor, by receding, do sky and water, or the whale at No. 50 (computed to be some six hundred feet long,) or the craft in all the pictures, gain more clearness and intelligibility than they possess when we are close before them. But the *Venice, Noon* (396), beheld from one particular point, is a beautiful dream, full of Italy, and poetry, and summer,—a dream which sets us a-dreaming more than is good for the quiet performance of operative duties. As it is, the hundred, uninitiated into the exact distance at which nothing becomes something, will pass it with a sneer in proportion to their ignorance,—or a sigh, should they chance to recollect better days, when the artist painted pictures which were universally owned to be admirable, ere books were written knocking down the ancients and moderns for his sake.

Mr. Roberts, still in the East, is no less scenic than usual: but more solid, we think, in his colours, and in catching some aspects of Nature, unrivalled. Look, for instance, at the shadow round the pool in his *Great Temple of Karnak* (34), an effect of gathering sunset, which none may misdoubt, but which produces all the surprise of a happy invention. The *Jerusalem* (405), in the *Middle Room*, however, seems his most popular landscape, possibly owing to the subject, which will never cease to be sought for with eager and reverential curiosity. Interesting as these pictures are, and admirable in an exhibition-room as giving a welcome variety, we should not be sorry to see our excellent artist condescend to the old churches, which enliven the windings of many an English stream, and our own cities of hill and plain, which have also attractions to memory. There is as much monotony in these eastern landscapes as in oriental tales. The further-travelled, however,—such as the authors of 'Eöthen,' 'The Crescent and the Cross,' and Michael Angelo Titmarsh (whose recent tour in the East we believe to be forthcoming)—will probably hold other language, and hearten up Mr. Roberts to dispise our invitation.

Mr. Stanfield is in all his force this year: vide his *Mole at Ancona* (65), his *Scene near Feldkirch in the Tyrol* (356), and his *Dordrecht* (490), a little picture of blue sky and green water, calculated to puzzle the pragmatical, and such as allow Nature no privilege to make exceptions; but for the truth of which we could vouch, from its excellent verisimilitude, had we not even been told that the work was painted on the spot. After Mr. Stanfield's, we may

mention Mr. E. W. Cooke's contributions: a pair of Rhine landscapes, *Cologne* (333) and *Coblenz* (365), and truer transcripts of the scenes were never taken, though we find the treatment somewhat hard and unpoetical. Truth lies betwixt Mr. Turner's celestial blues and canary yellows and the lineal and literal accuracy of a panorama.

We cannot better conclude our paragraphs on the landscape painters than by a few lines in admiration of Messrs. Creswick and Lee. The former's pictures bear too strong a family likeness this year, it is true. Our assertion will startle Mr. Creswick's admirers; but they show that want of imagination to which exceptional subjects are necessary as a stimulus. Whereas Hobbima could make a poem out of an opening in a wood, and Karel du Jardin a romance of a few way-side trees and way-side travellers.—Mr. Creswick is all for rocks and river windings, such as the Ahr, and the Moselle, and the Traun can show. These, it is true, he manages very beautifully; and his *Place to remember* (318) is a scene not to forget. Still, to our apprehension, there was more of high Art in his 'Rocks at the Land's End' than in the more complicated and picturesque assemblages of objects which have this year beguiled him. On the other hand, we do not recollect when Mr. Lee has deserved so well of his critics as on the present occasion. His view from *Posbury, looking towards Exeter* (345), is a capital landscape: true every leaf and line of it—true in the formal and somewhat haggard stateliness of the fir trees, which rise in the foreground like the columns of some old temple,—true in the softening gradations of the wide horizon—true in the artless details of the ragged bank which forms the foreground,—yet who shall say prosaic? On the contrary, every time we passed the corner where the picture hangs we were lured back to it by the air of cheerful repose and prosperous peacefulness diffused over the scene. The mind as well as the eye was tempted to explore those long reaches of well-wooded country clothed in all the various hues of late summer. We know not how Time may treat Mr. Lee's verdure and foliage; but if his colours prove true and imperishable, here is a landscape which our grandchildren may cite as doing honour to the "Victorian era." With these brave words we shall cease.

Sculpture.

Our readers are already aware that the sculptures are again exhibited in the mean and confined apartment which has been hitherto assigned them on the ground-floor of the National Gallery:—but the diminished size and number of the principal works have admitted of a more commodious and tasteful arrangement; and the inconvenience of the locality is less felt than for some years back. The groups are less in the way of each other; and it is possible to get a view of a particular one without, of necessity, admitting some part of another into the composition. For a year or two, Mr. Park's colossal figures, by the mere persecution of their size, forced themselves into every group; and we remember that his crouching warrior, at some angle or another peeped round the corner of half the statues which we examined on his own side of the room. The public is a gainer by this thinning of the marble population, and the sculptor infinitely more so.—In any other place than this, our loyalty would give precedence to 'Queen Victoria'; but we are in the domain of Art, and our allegiance is due elsewhere.

The one great and supreme work in this Exhibition is Baily's statue in marble (1327) of *A Nymph preparing for the Bath*—already mentioned more than once in this paper. There are no statues in the world beside which this figure might not take its place. It is worthy of the best days of Grecian art. That wonderful gift by which the Greek scattered grace and beauty in profusion, without sacrificing natural truth or simplicity of style, has here been exercised in its plenitude by a sculptor of our own. The attitude is studied,—yet without affectation; and as easy and unconstrained as if it had cost the sculptor no more thought than it would the living thing it pictures to assume it. The right arm is thrown back, to rest upon a rock, or some such support, behind; and brings, by muscular necessity, the middle of the figure round in that direction; while the head being inclined the other way, great variety of outline and grace of movement are thereby ob-

tained. The figure is all but naked; the left arm just sustaining, to the waist, the drapery, about to fall, and leave the limbs in their divine beauty; and the drapery itself is so light and transparent, that the limbs may be almost traced through it,—yet the work is not in the slightest degree voluptuous, and the sentiment of its perfect purity clothes it as with a garment. The face is filled with a sweetness, composed of that same sentiment and of its own harmony of features; and the rich hair, bound by fillets and gathered into a luxuriant knot behind, gives a classic contour to the head. A wreath of flowers depending from the wrist of the right arm, and a dropped flower or two scattered on the rock, form the sole auxiliary ornaments of the piece. We know not why we should speak of this work as having a Grecian character, save for its kindred excellence and its conformity with the canons of Greek art. It reminds us of Grecian sculpture only because of its perfection. There is not a beauty or a characteristic imported into its idealized loveliness which the sculptor may not have found at his own door; but their combination into surpassing grace and beauty recalls to us the Greek type. And then again, the perfect handling and consummate execution help the thought. The mind receives no suggestion of beauty communicated by the chisel; the sentiment of loveliness seems an inspiration from the marble itself. The sculptor is forgotten in his work—to be which is to be immortal in art. Form and action and attitude, accident and attribute and sentiment, are idealized into one assenting and harmonious whole,—which seems swayed by a spirit residing in the marble itself, not impressed on it by mortal workmanship. This is the crowning spell of art; and the chisel that can work it works for all time. The English school has nothing finer than this figure of Baily's; and as Mr. Neeld, for whom it was executed on commission, is one of those liberal and tasteful patrons of Art of whom sculpture has too few, we rejoice, for his sake, as well as for the school, over its exceeding beauty.

Mr. Baily has another work in this collection, (1326)—the half-size model of a statue executing in marble, of *Sir Charles* (now Lord) *Metcalfe*, for the inhabitants of Jamaica, to commemorate his administration of that island. This work belongs, then, to the portrait and monumental class; and at once illustrates some of our objections to portrait-sculpture, and Mr. Baily's successful conquest over a portion of the difficulties of the subject. The face and figure of Sir Charles Metcalfe are, both, of a kind which refuses to lend itself favourably as material for sculpture. The latter is short, thick and ungraceful; and the former as far removed as possible from any type which the sculptor ever chose, when working from his own devices. We do not mean to say, that, because of such an argument, the world is not to do homage to its illustrious men,—or that these are reasons why Sir Charles should be omitted from the gallery of those whom it delights to honour. The world has other interests besides Art—and higher ones; and we might, perhaps, be told that it were as reasonable to argue that a hero should not wear the costume of his rank, because no art can make the garments hang gracefully on his limbs. But we are arguing the question as one of Art alone—irrespective of all other considerations; and, agreeing in the homage, we would suggest that it were better paid in a language which should interpret it gracefully as well as expressively. There is a suspicion gaining ground amongst men, that statues are not the sole fitting records of genius or of virtue; if they were so, there would be an end of the argument,—because ours, which is the minor proposition, must merge in the major. The Roman virtue, which was statuesque and attitudinal in its living principle and action, could conceive no immortality so tangible and appropriate as a statue. To live in brass or marble, before the citizens of after-times, was the fitting commemoration of him who moved before his fellows in posture—taking his principles of greatness from their opinion, and adopting the articles of virtue by convention. There is much, too, to tempt the imagination of the ambitious, in more humane times, in this particular form of homage. It is a visible, tangible, personal record—ever in evidence, and promising permanency. When it can associate to itself the honour and admiration that belong to Art, it appropriates a new and important element of immortality

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But where the Art fails to enhance the record, it does so to the injury of the former, while "not enriching" the latter; and then, men may be allowed to remember, that the commemorations of brass and marble are not the loftiest—nor the most abiding. The monumentum are (vel marmore) perennius, is a fact dawning, more and more, upon the nations. But to return: the stiffness and convention of the military uniform add to the objections, in a case like that before us—and formally exclude the sculptor from the use of those resources (not very abundant) which he might have found in his art, for mitigating the difficulties of his subject. But from the resource of his own genius the sculptor can never be excluded; and it is praise enough for Mr. Baily to say, that he has here, as in some other and more remarkable instances, succeeded, by the skilful and artistic arrangement of such unpromising materials, in producing (while rendering all the character of his subject—and that is the great merit of his work, and of portrait-sculpture in general) almost a picture. Yet this word picture brings us back again to our objections. These artistic compromises are necessarily effected by sacrificing much of the simplicity, unity and breadth, which are the canon of sculpture—and which we never see a work like this without feeling to be a true one. Those stars and ribbons and crosses and epaulettes, used to redeem the square and ungraceful lines of an impracticable dress, introduce what may be called the florid into sculpture—and these severe, majestic and spiritual Genius will not own it. She is the goddess of form and of natural and ideal beauty. All conventions wound her transcendental taste—and few more than a garb which not only refuses, itself, to follow the undulations of the living limbs, but effectually conceals or disfigures them. Something of all this, painting can redeem, by means proper to herself: but what can the sculptor, dealing with rounded forms, working in his hard and unyielding substances, and whose productions are to be viewed in their own natural lights and shadows, do with a dress which, so far as it goes, annihilates the individual, and remodels him on a common, conventional, and most ungraceful type? It was one by one, that, in Greece, Sculpture threw off the foreign attributes which impeded her, as the sense of their incumbence grew and strengthened in the conviction of her great ministers—still she stood, at length, revealed in all her spirituality—a goddess whom the world worships yet. So far as it may be avoided, we deprecate all return to the tailor and frapperer; and, again and again, we claim for Sculpture, as its appropriate region, the ideal. Baily's statue of 'Sir Charles Metcalfe' stands close to his 'Nymph,' in this Exhibition; the two principles—of the positive and the imaginative—the spiritual and the material—in the one case, of selection and refinement and combination, in the other of mere repetition—are, here, in direct issue; and we seek no other decision than that which they suggest, as to the proper office of the sculptor and the true domain of the Genius whom he serves.

Mr. Lough has three works, besides his busts, in the present Exhibition:—the marble statue of *Her Majesty Queen Victoria*, ordered by the Gresham Committee for the centre of the Merchants' Area in the New Royal Exchange (1830), *Lady Macbeth*, (1834), and a recumbent figure of *Dr. Southey* (1835), being part of a monument about to be erected to the poet, in Keswick Church. Mr. Lough is, our readers know, a bold and daring sculptor,—living under no very great and restraining fear of rule and canon, practising occasionally on the very limits at which his own art is bounded by its cognates, and sometimes, as a borderer is apt to do, overstepping the line, and importing into his productions what belongs more properly to his neighbour, the painter. There will, however, be no complaint of his experimentalism, on the present occasion: it is in one of the resting hours of his imagination that he has modelled *Queen Victoria*. Curbing his wild and outlaw propensities, in the presence of Majesty, he has been a careful and conscientious observer of the ancient and approved (?) formula for ladies in niches and architectonic queens. Recognizing the hereditary principle in the marble representation, he has been true, beyond what might have been expected from an innovator like himself, to the family of stone princesses who have reigned in England. The symbolic ball and sceptre have been loyally and faithfully trans-

mitted; and the flowing mantle and unquestionable tiara proclaim the marble lady, queen. And, as so much fidelity to the ancient type could not have been expected from Mr. Lough, so we will add, for ourselves, that it would not have been desired. The work is well enough designed within its strict conventions. The royal mantle, which falls from the shoulders, leaving bare the neck, is gathered in rich and picturesque folds over the left arm; the lady is of queenly aspect, and has a presence as stately as her predecessors. Yet surely, modern Art might supply some newer and more gracious ideal of Majesty; and Mr. Lough, by a reasonable and legitimate exercise of the courage which he shows on other occasions, might have helped her to it. The very moral and spirit of royalty have undergone some change since Elizabeth's day; and where the thing itself is not arbitrary and perpetual, why should the mere material presentment be so? Some of the old stone representatives of queens always convey to us the notion that they are but statutory copies of originals who were statues themselves. Following the example of modern royalty itself, we would have the art which imitates it bate a trifle of its stateliness: and as true royalty can do this, under the guidance of its own natural inspirations, without any sacrifice of its dignity to set off against the grace it gains,—so can the truly great sculptor, by the sure instinct of his genius, bring back that same royalty into the field of artistic beauty, yet leave the royalty unimpaired and unquestioned. But there are other faults to be objected against Mr. Lough's work,—and of a kind which will strike those who may not agree with us in our previous remarks. There is no denying the likeness; yet, unfortunately, Her Majesty will, we feel certain, not like to be told so. The youthful expression of the face is lost; and the features look larger and coarser than those of the Queen. The statue, in fact, is executed as if it had been meant for an elevation; and, seen from a distance, would, we doubt not, have had a good effect; but viewed on the same level with the crowds who throng the Merchants' Quadrangle, we fear this work will disappoint the citizens of London. Mr. Lough has been most unfortunate, too, in his block of marble,—disfigured throughout by dark streakings; which, with a singular fatality, are most abundant just where they are most offensive, and lie like purple stains upon the neck. This must have spoilt the effect, for near inspection, had the work been otherwise perfect,—and is, itself, a reason for our wishing that this statue had been designed for some upper story of the building. The *Lady Macbeth* of the same artist is another of his Shakespeare readings; but the reading is given, this time, with a fine appreciation of his author, and a clear, emphatic and expressive delivery. Neither tone nor modulation is wanting, to convey the full deep meanings of the text. The brow is one on which a crown has sat, and pierced it. The face has the worn and haunted aspect of the weary watcher and troubled dreamer. The mind, seen into, looks stately, under all the weight it carries. The loose and ample folds of the night-drapery sweep round the figure, so as to conceal all but the throat, face and right arm,—and are disposed with great breadth and effect, helping the picturesque of the composition, giving artistic sustenance to the stately form, and adding to the sense of mystery that overshadows all. We know not if it be too fanciful to say, that the free play and easy treatment of the garments, so suggestive of freedom and repose, bring out more strikingly, by their contrast, the pained expression and settled despair of the features above; but something of the kind we seem to feel. Here we have Mr. Lough on the true ground of poetical sculpture; and, with his great talent, here we would gladly fix him, if we could. There is nothing, as in his more ambitious compositions, to disturb the unity and simplicity of the design; while its morals and meanings, which are neither one nor simple, are conveyed as no mere accidental and external attribute can convey them. The mask of Iago and the straws of Ophelia are laid aside; and, in the work of the sculptor as in that of the poet, the lady walks forth attended by phantoms. Symbols are not the letters of an alphabet, in whose characters it is possible to write a tale such as is here expressed—of sorrow which has "murdered sleep," ambition turned to tear its keeper, and guilt which the "multitudinous seas" cannot

wash away. The reader of Shakespeare, who looks at Mr. Lough's production, will call it "*Lady Macbeth*," without reference to his catalogue. The recumbent figure of *Dr. Southey* is, we presume, meant to represent sleep; for the Doctor has a book in his hand, as if surprised by slumber while reading—(a title to the book would have given an epigram); but the features, in this model, have rather the expression of death—or that disagreeable appearance which features wear when the cast has been taken from the dead face.

Amongst the figures on the floor, there is one to which the casual glance of the spectator is inevitably attracted, by the glitter of the golden triangle which she bears aloft. This is a marble statue (1831) by Mr. J. Gott,—to which he gives the title of a *Dancing Nymph*. The figure, with some points of merit in the execution, belongs to one of the worst schools of sculpture; and affords an instructive instance of the dangerous tendency, in inferior hands, of an illustrative example, which, departing from the severe and elevating simplicity of the art, confident in its own restraining taste, approaches the confines of the meretricious. The *dansatrici* of Canova, and other figures of the class, are answerable for this work of Mr. Gott's, even while their mannèd grace and refined beauty reprove it. While the master may have sought his models in the Opera-house, the disciple has condescended for his dancer to the street. His "*Nymph*" is a nymph of the *paré*. The artificial and attitudinal elegance of Canova is here pushed to the very extravagance of affectation; and the draperies are, by another abuse of that great artist's manner, rather *crimped* than either folded or even wrinkled. But the work has other faults, which are of the sculptor's own original inspiration. The lower limbs are thick and heavy—wholly disproportioned to the light upper structure which they have to sustain, yet doing but a small portion of the work in which the figure is engaged. The violent contortions of the upper frame have little sympathy or encouragement from the sluggish movement of the feet; and the elaborated flutter around the lower edge of the garment wants explanation, in the comparative repose of the members which it clothes. We recommend to Mr. Gott a careful perusal of the more severe models that have come down to us with the seal of all the ages through which they have passed, to attest their excellence; and he will see, therein, how far he is wandering from the principles on which these marvels were achieved, and in whose keeping alone the modern sculptor is safe, with the great masters for his companions and guides.

Mr. Marshall's *Paul and Virginia* (1829) is an unfinished marble,—the model of which the artist exhibited here some years ago, and it had then our good word. The composition of the group is good, and the sentiment of the story pleasantly conveyed. The same artist's *First Whisper of Love* (1833) is a variation upon the authorities that undertake to describe the emotions with which that whisper is generally received.—Mr. J. Legrew's *Milton dictating his Address to Light to his two Daughters* (1859) is, if we mistake not, the same group which he exhibited, under a somewhat different title, among the sculptures at Westminster Hall. It is a work of merit,—especially in the figure and raised face of the blind bard. Here, where there is a temptation to the theatrical in attitude or expression,—which we remember another exhibitor, at the same place and on the same subject, did not escape, in a performance of great ability,—there is an entire absence of affectation. The promising property of this work is a simplicity of manner, both in point of character and arrangement, with which the touching story is, nevertheless, legibly told. This is a sound quality, on whose broad and safe foundation the sculptor may cultivate the higher graces with freedom of action and earnestness of application. The trust in his own temperance is a safety-valve, with which the artist may travel where he chooses into the region of imagination—sure to recover himself when he will, and return, with the vision of his wildest flight, to the field of his principles.—There is a marble statue, by Mr. Theed, called *Psyche* (1832), in this collection,—which has so many points of beauty, that we are once more driven by it to lament the want of careful thought amongst our young sculptors, without which all other excellence must stop short of that whose price is immortality. There is clever

handling and beautiful form in this figure; but the form is "of the earth, earthy," and conveys no suggestion of that spiritual existence, though wearing mortal lineaments, yet ready for its translation,—which is one of the most exquisite and delicate of all the creations of mythological poetry. 'Psyche' is a favourite subject with the sculptors; but he should be a poet of the first order who touches the delicious fable with the chisel. No sense of mere loveliness, no selection of perfect form, such as, in their combination, might represent the divinity of a Venus, can approach the heart of this beautiful mystery. An inspiration akin to that which produced it can alone embody the sweet and spiritual fancy; that grew, amid the deep secrets of mortal thought, no one knows when or how,—but finds acceptance in every heart, and is an imperishable part of the poetry of nations. How far below such an ideal is the 'Psyche' of Mr. Theed!—whose beauty is not only mortal, but of not the most refined type of mortality. The face—very sweet—is a trifle too round and full, even for the proportions of human loveliness; and to us—perhaps because we are made fastidious by the thoughts which the name raises, and carried by it too far out of the world of common-places—seems even a little vulgar in its ideal. But the want of spirituality is not the only objection which we have to offer; and the next is one within the sculptor's own means of correction, by the mere careful study of his text. We complain that his merely literal translation is scarcely correct. To us, the face seems somewhat too severe and thoughtful in its beauty for Psyche, ere she had known sorrow. Psyche, the loved and loving, should walk in a happier light than the subdued moral atmosphere which surrounds this figure of Mr. Theed's. Now, the sculptor has himself marked the time. She holds in her hand the bow of her god-lover,—which she may be supposed to have snatched away, in that playful mood whose sentiment is not upon her brow. This, then, is Psyche, by the artist's own assertion, in the early portion of the tale,—ere she was a mourner and a wanderer through the world, seeking for that lost love which she never found again but in heaven. We will not insist upon a slight plagiarism in the attitude of this figure,—because it may be accidental, and because plagiarisms of mere form may become none at all, if they be the fit and suggestive expression of some new and wholly different train of thought: but we must protest against one fault in the composition,—which, though of far less vital import than the defective spirituality to which we have alluded, is at any rate less excusable, because it will be an offence even in such eyes as mere beauty of form would satisfy, and implies a neglect of even the lower and more attainable qualities of the art. The figure is unclothed down to the waist; and the lower limbs are swathed in some sort of drapery,—after a fashion which renders any use of them obviously impossible, and is a sin at once against composition, taste, common sense, and, we must add, decency. The least offensive idea—and not the least absurd—which this arrangement raises, is that of Psyche entangled in a sack.

The finest work in this Exhibition, after Bailey's 'Nymph,' is a charming statue, in marble, of *Cupid* (1836), by Mr. P. Mac Dowell. The figure, in limb and feature, is informed with the poetical meanings of the theme; and, for grace of movement, liveliness of action, variety of attitude, sweetness of expression, spirited composition, and beautiful modelling, must have a high place amongst the productions of British Sculpture. It is one of the few resting-places for the critic, in this collection. Nor must we omit to notice a striking performance, by Mr. W. Jones,—the statue of *Talesin pen Beirdd, Prince of the Bards* (1862). Wrapped in a simple frock, like a monk's, bound round the waist by a rope,—with arm raised high above his head, as if in denunciation, and the air and aspect of a prophet,—the bard is in the act of "exhorting the clergy to retain the doctrines of the Gospel as they had received them from Apostolic hands, against St. Augustine with the innovations of Rome." There is great spirit and character in this work; the composition is simple, the action vigorous, the meaning clear. We shall be glad to see it in the marble.

With the exception of a statue or two of the monumental class, there is little else, in this Exhibition, that presents itself with much pretension to notice.

Our readers can now judge of its poverty. In the whole collection there are but three groups:—Mr. Marshall's *Paul and Virginia*, Mr. Legrew's *Milton*, and *The Despair of Cain after the Murder of Abel*, by Mr. A. Brown (1844).—For these monumental statues, a few of the busts and bas-reliefs, and anything else that, on another visit, we may see we have overlooked, we may, perhaps, find a few words of concluding notice.

Architectural Drawings.

No. 1125 is the first upon our list for notice, of Interiors—a class of subjects that certainly afford scope for novelty and fancy in design, and opportunity for putting forth new and ingenious ideas, and are certainly of a more practicable nature than, and quite as good studies for the exercise of talent and invention as, the colossal affairs we are annually treated with under the title of "grand national" something or other. Yet interiors—fresh designs we mean, and not mere views—are of all subjects the scarcest. No. 1125 shows us a room at Farringdon Hall, by Messrs. Finden and Lewis, another of whose designs we have already noticed; and it also shows us how absurdly, as regards their perspective character, drawings are frequently hung at the Academy. Had this been a bird's-eye view, it would probably have been hung in the topmost row, where we should have had occasion for bird's wings in order to fly up and look at it, whereas the ceiling of the room constituting the principal part of the design, the drawing is judiciously placed so much below the eye, that the perspective effect is quite destroyed. If we would examine it, we are obliged to stoop down all the while, there being not a single chair here on which one could sit down and look at what can now be little more than seen. The room in question is certainly of novel character, for though in other respects in a modern style, its ceiling resembles in general form a truncated pointed roof, with ornamental queen-post trusses of dark oak dividing it into six compartments, each of which contains a small octagonal skylight panel in the centre or horizontal surface of the three sides which compose the ceiling. What is still more singular is, that the ceiling and walls are precisely alike,—all of a uniform green, merely relieved by narrow lines and scrolls, either of darker hues or other colours, as additional borderings and fillings-up to the moulded panels. Even the chimney-pieces—for here are two on one side of the room, and at no great distance from each other,—are of the same colour as the walls; which, we think, is carrying the principle of unity much too far: we almost wonder that the carpet was not green also, in order to correspond with the ceiling. After all, too, unity is as much disregarded as it is attended to, there being nothing to balance or carry out the dark colour of the timber framing of the ceiling, whereas marble chimney-pieces of nearly the same hue, would have harmonized better with the dark beams of the ceiling, and would have contrasted effectively with the walls. What furniture may do for setting off this almost monochrome apartment, is not shown, because though carpeted, the room is in other respects unfurnished. The next interior (No. 1160, A. Trimen) is that of the Orangery erected for the Baroness de Rothschild at Gunnersbury Park, but so uninteresting as a design, and of so little pretension as a drawing, that we should have lost nothing by its being put out of sight. Immediately beneath it hangs a similar subject, and one which, so far from being a novelty, is rather an old acquaintance, viz. the Gothic Conservatory at Carlton House, by no means a very truthful likeness of it, since it is here made to look very much larger than it really was; besides, the view is as nearly as may be the same as that in Pyne's 'Royal Residences,' from which it may be presumed it was taken, as it could not possibly be from the structure itself, that having disappeared many years ago. No. 1184, 'Messrs. Williams and Sowerby's new Show-room,' D. Mocatta, does not make quite so much show in the drawing—though it is a large one—as it does in reality. It does not appear so striking and scenic upon paper as in execution, which is probably owing in some measure to the ineffectiveness of the colouring, which has a heavy, dingy and faded look. The drawing gives also the idea of a different sized room—one of lower proportions. It certainly does not show one novel and highly ingenious peculiarity in

the design, it being of a kind that does not admit of being made evident in a perspective view, for the very reason that it is intended to conceal an irregularity in the plan which would else have produced a disagreeable effect. The architect ought therefore, in justice to himself, to have shown a sketch of the plan in one corner of the drawing.—No. 1222, 'Interior of the new Portrait Gallery at Drayton Manor,' S. Smirke, cannot fail to command attention, if only on account of its being erected for Sir Robert Peel. Indeed it is hardly possible for it to escape notice, it being placed just at the height a drawing of the kind ought to be, and a charming drawing it is,—by no means highly finished, but clear, spirited, and forcible. Nevertheless the artist has made one unlucky—at any rate ludicrous—blunder, for he has made the figures of the persons in the room scarcely more than half the size of the portraits in the frames against the walls; which last are, no doubt, given correctly according to scale. Such being the case, the gallery must be much narrower and lower than the 'licence' taken by the artist in regard to his figures makes it appear to be. As to the design, although the style is Elizabethan, the room itself is of comparatively simple character, decoration being confined to the ceiling and its skylights, and a few Doric columns of dark marble. These last, being on tall insulated pedestals, not only produce an awkward effect, but if pedestals there were to be, there most assuredly ought also to have been a corresponding dado along the walls, for now two very different styles and modes of treatment seem to have been adopted without either motive or meaning.

Further grouping or classification becomes rather difficult. There are so many designs, for instance, which come under the title of mansions and villas of one sort or other, that we can merely take one here and there for notice. Tudor and Elizabethan appear to be the styles most in request for such purposes, though there is one striking exception in what purports to be 'A Gothic Design for a nobleman's mansion, with a Prospect Tower 400 feet high.' The architect will, we suspect, have to wait some time before he finds an employer who, having no wholesome dread of the fate of the Tower of Babel or of the Tower of Becket before his eyes, will give him a commission to erect a mansion with such a monstrous appendage to it. No. 1127, 'Mansion in progress near Chalford, Bucks,' H. Kendall, is not only one of considerable size, but of ambitious,—at least, of very showy pretension. Attractive as it is at first sight, there is little in it to captivate, or even satisfy, on closer inspection. The architecture is of such a flimsy character, that what is meant for richness becomes little better than tawdriness. There is, besides, a good deal of *ad captandum* stuff crammed into the drawing, which, we think, argues rather a vulgar taste,—to wit, a bevy of gentlemen in hunting-coats and ladies in emerald green. One or two figures, just to serve as a scale, are quite sufficient for an architectural drawing; we do not want a mob of them, after the fashion of the pictorial newspapers. Besides, with all its aim at picture effect, No. 1127 is but a poor and flashy performance; and it looks as if the display of figures was intended to make amends for the loose drawing of the building. Crossing over to the opposite side of the room, we there behold, in 1260, W. Railton, a design for another mansion which is also in progress, viz. at Beau Manor Park, Leicestershire. This is the best subject and drawing of the kind in the room,—charming as a design, and no less charming as a picture. While architectural drawings in general are either insipid or extravagant in colour, this has a sober force and freshness that is grateful to the eye. We know not whom we are commending for the execution of this drawing, but we may congratulate Mr. Railton on having produced a design which shows him to possess more genius than we gave him credit for. Seldom have we seen a more pleasing application of Elizabethan architecture: the style is simplified without being impoverished, and though the design is regular, it is anything but deficient in picturesque and artistic variety. There is nothing that we would wish to be other than what it is; and that is saying a very great deal, so seldom do we meet with anything which, however meritorious it may be in parts, or even as a whole, is, as a whole, consistent and complete. Besides which, the building has an air of elegance and com-

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fact, which gives it the character of a delightful residence. We wish that, from among the many other designs, we could point out one which we could speak of with such cordial approval. If any such there be, we suppose it is hung where it is not likely to be detected. Therefore, instead of hunting about for what we may fail to discover, we will look at what, if neither mansion nor villa, is an ornamental structure in the grounds of a country residence; we mean Mr. Owen Jones's second design, No. 1273, 'Cottage and Dairy, designed for J. J. Morrison, Esq. M.P.' That Owen is not Inigo we hardly need say, or that he follows no one else, although some are now endeavouring to follow him, his work on the Alhambra having come into great request; and with a natural sturge for a style which he has himself brought forward among us, he here gives us a modified version of some Alhambra ideas, in a subject that readily lends itself to some play of fancy. Though the design is of unusual character, there is nothing extravagant or forced about it—nothing of an exotic look; the composition is simple, but effective and picturesque, the two portions well grouped together, the little terrace quite alluring; in short, we cannot better express our opinion of it than by terming it a pleasing architectural Anacronistic. Nevertheless, we consider it susceptible of improvement: the open-work verge-boards to the gable of the cottage portion strike us as being too meagre and wiry; nor is the upper part of the dovehouse altogether to our satisfaction, for it is not sufficiently of a piece with the rest.

From country houses to street houses the transition will not be thought too abrupt, because both come under the head of domestic architecture. At all events, designs for street façades will not detain us long, there being but one subject of the kind—viz. No. 1141, 'Street Architecture, in part executed, Chempide,' E. l'anson & Son,—in behalf of which we shall not be very importunate with our readers for their admiration. As a drawing, it is a production of the drawing-board school; and as a design, a poor and tawdry jumble of scraps. We have now other specimens of street architecture far worthier of a place at an Academic Exhibition—for instance, the handsome range of building in Maddox-street, Hanover-square, and that very florid line of houses which is now in progress for New Coventry-street, Leicester-square; also the extensive and lofty pile of decorated houses, including Moses's shop, at the corner of Aldgate and the Minories. Of historical street architecture we obtain a striking and interesting specimen in No. 1197, 'House of M. Guvin, banker, in the Rue de Commerce, at Tours,' a highly picturesque mélange of Gothic and Renaissance, apparently quite untouched, and in excellent preservation.

Of designs for public buildings in provincial towns there are very few;—none at all from the places most likely to have supplied them, such as Liverpool, Manchester, and Bristol, where several works of the kind either have been lately completed, or are now going on. There is, however, No. 1164, 'The New Corn Exchange, Colchester,' R. and J. A. Brandon, which, although a building of no great size, is in better taste than many things of the same grade here in the metropolis. It is not only simple, quiet, and chaste, but possesses character also; and the three arched entrances, with their open iron-work gates, admitting a view into the interior, where the light seems to stream down from above, produce a pleasing effect. We fear, however, that although the drawing professes to show the building as erected, it shows something more—what has been omitted in execution, though so important in the design; we mean the statue which crowns the acroterium over the centre, and the two others within the niches in the end intercolumns of the front. The only other subject of the kind—that is, of an executed public building in a provincial town,—is No. 1261, 'Town Hall, Royal Shanneries Court, and Markets, at Truro,' Cope and Eales; a handsome piece of Italian design, and of bold character; but the drawing itself is placed so high that, although a large one, it eludes examination. Here we stop: and should it prove a full stop, we shall, at any rate, have given quite as much attention to Architecture as it obtains from the Academy itself.

SALE OF THE LATE SIR A. W. CALLEOTT'S COLLECTION.
This event commenced on Thursday, the 8th ult., and continued four days at Messrs. Christie and

Manson's, where it had been preceded by as long a view of the collection, and both together excited a kind of peaceful commotion not unfrequent in King-street, St. James's. Even among the fashionable and the superficial, and those who have a hereditary title to be frivolous, much apparent interest was created, albeit, of course, less heart-stirring and soul-moving, than a ball at Almack's opposite had made the bosoms of our Sir Plumes and Belindas throb with. Every one understands what the genteel cant-word, a "rage" means. There is a *rage* for Murillos or Carlo Dolces, but never for Raffaels or Leonardos—here the term would be quite inappropriate. A *rage* for Hobbins—a *rage* for Boningtons—a *rage* for Greuzes, for G. S. Newtons, for Lawrence sketches, for Wilkie drawings—these are fit and well-adapted expressions; while to declare "Michaelangelos all the rage," were a palpable abuse of speech, how much sower we suppose them admired. We grant there may exist a "noble rage," but the *furor* abovesaid belongs rather to the ignoble—in fact, it has always a tinge and a taint of vulgar-mindedness about it. Why? Why, because the merit which evokes it must be of a somewhat low tone, or popular taste could not reach its level, i. e. it could not become the *rage*. Merit, when of a higher gusto, is *caviare*—but when of this inferior smack, it is *ketchup* to the multitude! We can well recollect that at Messrs. Woodburne's exhibition of Ancient Drawings, those by *Leonardo* and *Michaelangelo* produced a thin attendance of enthusiasts, all mute and almost all masculine—those by the *Caracci* drew a throng of both sexes, all bustle, rustle, ecstasies, and exclamations, the fair fanatics (save for their tight stays which restrained them a little, like strait-waistcoats) threatening to run mad with amatorial raptures—

Women ben full of ragerie,

sings the Chaucerian poet. Raffael's Drawings did indeed attract numerous visitors, yet we observed they rather ran their noses along the different specimens to prove their connoissance, than fastened their eyes upon them—many an interjection of praise ended in a yawn—many a listless remark about the chaste artistic beauties, that should have engrossed attention, in a most animated discussion about the picturesque bits of effect by *Rembrandt* before exhibited. Thus it is, thus it will be, whilever and where-ever a tyrant majority of amateurs can confer public honours; its tenets are polytheistical, for its voices do not hymn hosanna to the highest, but always to false gods.

This long prolegomenous diatribe portends no disparagement of Sir A. W. Calcott as a painter; we acknowledge him the British *Cuyp*, to become which, it would seem, was his own chief ambition. That being granted, we may, without any injustice towards his well-earned renown, say his Collection, just sold, has been quite the *rage*, and its merits, we must reluctantly admit, were of the exact kind to create, in Della-Cruscan language, a "vast sensation." It contained the nicest, prettiest little things imaginable—not a single grand production, however diminutive, or rude, or ill-realized. Perhaps a white chalk sketch, on blue paper, of 'Dutch River-boats' (No. 589), had a flash of the sublime about it, and 'Ruins at Sunset' (No. 283) with its golden, vision-like splendour, a tone of ethereal beauty: prices nine and ten guineas. *Vice versa*, Macbeth's Witches, as little sublime as beautiful, would have disenchanted their most willing votarist, and deserved better than any witches we know to be burnt—yet one in black chalk, No. 579, brought 17½ guineas. Various other articles possessed the sole merit of pretending none; indeed, certain among them, we can only imagine juvenile attempts—painted memoranda—relics and fragments preserved by mere chance, or for some purpose or reason very remote from posthumous sale at auction. Still they all brought high comparative prices; and this is the fair reward of genius, that even its puerile or futile performances obtain a homage which the preferable works of mere school and rule taught dexterity are denied. Who would not rather have the worst sonnet of Shakespeare than the best of Bowles? But for much its greater part, the Calcott Collection was of intrinsic value; if the specimens seldom exhibited a powerful imagination, they always showed a pure and often a refined one; if they never snatched a grace beyond the reach of art, they seized many a

grace within it. Skill of composition distinguished most, elegance several; albeit the chaste bytimes verged upon the cold, and the simple faded into the insipid, there was nevertheless a something to esteem in this evident search after the perfect, which vanished just when it should have been caught,—escaped perhaps from under the very pencil-point, though already cartooned upon the mind, whence a few traits had transferred it to the canvas, and fixed its fugitive beauties for ever. Alas! these few traits make all the difference between the perfect and the imperfect work—between the Dutch *Cuyp* and the British!

Our generic description will save us much specification, and we shall enumerate but a dozen particulars: 'Dutch Boats,' No. 307, a framed drawing, 20 guineas; 'Dutch Boat near a River Mouth,' No. 309, ditto, 29½ guineas; 'Dutch Boats off a Coast,' No. 310, ditto, 21 guineas; 'Convent on a River-bank,' No. 373, framed and coloured drawing, 39½ guineas; 'Italian Convent on a Height,' No. 385, ditto, 18 guineas; 'Lighthouse at Leghorn,' No. 386, ditto, 18 guineas; 'A Sea-coast,' No. 387, ditto, 23 guineas; 'The Castle of Chillon,' No. 388, ditto, 22 guineas; 'Italian Town on a Lake,' No. 389, ditto, 24 guineas; 'An English Landscape,' No. 390, ditto, large, 38 guineas; 'View of Sorrento,' No. 545, coloured drawing, 16 guineas; 'Tower on the Rhine,' No. 546, ditto, 19 guineas; 'Italian Terrace with Figures,' No. 565, framed drawing, 26 guineas; three small 'Landscapes' together, one more of a waterscape, in bistre, transparent as a brook in the Brown Mountains, 10 guineas, No. 571; 'Classical Lake Scene,' No. 590, a framed drawing, 20 guineas; 'Woody Valley,' No. 592, ditto, 15 guineas.

We ought to have stated that this Collection, besides the deceased painter's drawings and sketches, comprised a few old and old-fashioned Pictures, also a few modern; and further we ought to have admitted that it did contain at least one grand production. This was a time-dishonoured fragment of an antique fresco by *Filippino Lippi*, son and pupil and indirect poisoner of famous and infamous *Lippo Lippi*, a Florentine, whose aristical deeds, maugre what the moralist-poet alleges, "smell sweet and blossom in the dust." *Filippino's* works scarce equalled his father's, but if the whole performance were of a piece with the above-said fragment, a fresco much more grand never decorated Italian wall from Cimabue to Signorelli. It is entitled 'An Angel praying;' we would rather describe it, adoring, as the action seems to point out a Nativity, Coronation, or some subject where this figure made an attendant upon a superior, perhaps a supreme personage. Ten years ago every petty vial of wrathful criticism had been poured upon it, the vocabulary of vulgar vituperation emptied to the dregs: "grotesque," "burlesque," "wooden," "uncouth," &c. &c. had been the handsomest epithets accorded it; now some other voices as well as our own saluted it with—"beautiful, graceful, dignified, how expressive! angel-like indeed!" After all, the English people will hear reason; when thundered into their ears for about ten years—hear it, yea, sometimes heed it too! The invaluable relic obtained 50 guineas, though not from those who should have given double the sum rather than lose it—Government. Where were their "barbarian eyes"—we mean their men of business? 'Twas Saturday, so the National Gallery, like the beggar-apothecary's shop, was shut: none of the officials were then employed on parade through the rooms, or dozing on their hands as in duty bound seven hours per diem; did the head Inspector ever inspect this fragment, or does he think entire mural-animal will come to us with a whoop over the Alps—that *Filippino* are of such facile acquisition, even beyond said mountains? Another very curious and illustrative antique, but having slight pretensions to beauty, deserves a notice, because it is, we believe, the single work outside the Alps which possesses any claims as an authentic *GIUNTA*: the late Mr. Otley's picture so-called, Dr. Waagen calls Greekish. *Giunta Pisano* indeed studied under the Greeks, yet deviated even before Cimabue somewhat from their style, and improved it. Our specimen approaches and avoids it, just to a *Giunta*-like degree: the flesh-tints red, not yellow-green; the impastofull of brush-marks, not smooth and japanned; the expression

earnest and individual, not copied mechanically after the one Byzantine prototype; the costume fanciful, not pseudo-classic. Doubtless Sir A. Calcott had what he deemed reasonable proofs that this miniature was painted by Giunta; we can discover none against such an ascription; let connoisseurs decide. The work is executed on copper, three inches broad, four high, and represents a 'Virgin and Child,' the former of a severe yet noble regard, the latter of a smiling, agreeable, cherubim countenance. Both wear black tiaras, arabesqued with small red and white roses; the Virgin also wears a hooded mantle of the same colour and pattern; moreover adorned in front with a pelican vulning herself between two of her brood—a manifest allusion to the great Self-sacrifice. Golden glories and background of course. Finally, some paintings and drawings by Stothard augmented the Collection. A crimson morocco volume which contained seventy-nine exquisite illustrations of Homer, Shakespeare, Bunyan, Hayley, Addison, Rogers, and sacred subjects, brought but 49 guineas, little more than half a guinea a-piece: though even trivialities (No. 383), framed together, by Calcott, sold for 45! Wherefore was this? Many collateral circumstances affect the picture-market; however, chief among them stood that one, cause enough itself alone to bring down prices,—Stothard is the "rage" no longer. As regarded the Calcott stock, in 'Change-alley diction, the *Bulls* had it all their own way; as regarded Stothard's, the *Bears*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.
ON FRIDAY EVENING NEXT, May 22, 1845, will be performed, for the last time this season, Haydn's Oratorio, 'THE CREATION.' Principal Vocal Performers—Miss Birch, Mr. Manvers, and Herr Staudigl. The Band and Chorus will consist of above Five Hundred Performers. Tickets, 3s. each; Reserved Seats, 5s., for which immediate application must be made, may be had of the principal Music-sellers—of Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing Cross, Mr. Mitchell, 30, Charing Cross, and of Mr. Rice, 102, Strand, opposite Exeter Hall.
THOMAS BREWSTER, Hon. Sec.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Till Tuesday evening last, we have had no recent opportunity of hearing the opera which brought Bellini into fame. When 'Il Pirata' was produced five years ago [*Athen.* No. 660], Rubini was seen rather than heard to sing the principal part, his final *aria* excepted; neither was Persiani, the then *prima donna*, gifted with physical force sufficient to give that strength of passion to Bellini's music which lies in the singer's power, but not in the composer's genius: her *Beatrice di Tenda* being, for the same reasons, like her *Imogene*, a clever failure. And though 'Il Pirata,' as we averred in 1840, is essentially too weak a work to keep the stage, still, as sung by Sig. Mario and Madame Grisi, it was welcome. We have never heard the tenor to such advantage. Too frequently his singing has been marked by that gentlemanly indifference which reminds us of first-rate amateur performance,—he has been too apt to be *slipshod* (we know not how better to express it) in accent, time and tone; promising to sing well, rather than achieving the feat. On Tuesday evening, however, we had the art he has so frequently approached.—so seldom reached. A new part may possibly have been of more than usual interest and consequence to him at the present juncture, so energetically is this one attacked, so consummately is it mastered. In the celebrated and over-rated 'Tu vedrai' he did not put forth the intense and tremulous pathos of Rubini, nor has he yet the vocal finish of the Bergamesque tenor; but in the earlier portions of the opera he displayed a force and a fineness (without startling contrast), an animation and a depth of feeling which carried the audience along with him. In brief, the part of *Gualtiero* seems to hit his fancy as thoroughly as it suits his powers. In one respect Sig. Mario appears resolute to emulate his predecessor, namely, in "scaling the altitudes." He has been engaged successfully in the task of smoothing and strengthening and sweetening his *falsetto*, and by his gradual ascent to a high treble note made the stalls scream with delight, just as they were used to scream for Rubini. We are, on principle, opposed to this method of eking out the voice, deeming it calculated to produce musical confusion rather than musical effect; but (to say nothing of our being just now somewhat seduced by Herr Pischek's high notes) we hardly see how the singer is to make his way without some such artifice through the ex-

travagant modern music. A Duprez once in a century, it is true, owns *altissimo* chest notes, but they are miracles, not average means; and length of career, as we have seen, may be sacrificed to the straining necessary to their production. Standing as we do, for all these reasons, a little in the predicament of Mr. Serjeant Eitherside with regard to the *falsetto*, we cannot but compliment Sig. Mario on his improved command over this popular resource, hoping that he will use it but sparingly. The length to which we have run renders it impossible for us to give more than a line to Madame Grisi; who was superb, looking magnificently, acting a most antipathetic part with feeling and propriety, and singing with all her old lustre of voice and more than her old volubility of execution. A line, too, must record the re-appearance of Mdlle. Cerito and M. St. Leon, for whom no novelties have been as yet produced.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—The singers who appeared at Earl Howe's, or the Fourth Concert, were Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Birch, Mdlle. Schloss, Mr. Hawkins with others of the glee brotherhood, and Herr Staudigl. The vocal music selected offered little matter for remark. We would warn Miss Birch to avoid forcing her voice as she now does habitually, under the mistaken notion of acquiring dramatic energy. She has gained something more valuable in precision of articulation and accent, during her studies in Italy. Once again, too, seeing how far the German *basso* ranks above every native singer, we must ask our young English gentlemen, how long they will allow themselves to be rebuked in their own language, and their own music, by foreigners? Then, we must tender our best thanks to the Director of the evening, for having treated us to one of Handel's Organ Concertos, and to Mr. Lucas, for having performed it so effectively; the inefficiency of the Hanover Square organ considered. The work is one of a class we hear too seldom, now-a-days,—the difficulties of its execution, owing to the scale of instrument and locality requisite, amounting to a hindrance. And as we too often must speak depreciatingly of English musical ambition, we are bound not to overlook the worthy versatility of its performer; who, whether as a conductor, as a violoncellist, or, again, at the organ, shows a degree of knowledge, taste, and accomplishment far too rare in England. The aggregate of his claims only falls short of first-rate merit, owing to a certain want of finish, occasioned, possibly, by want of time in the hard and hurrying struggle of professional life.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The certainty of response, on the part of an English public, to whatsoever is good, is an assurance on which we rest hopefully in times of discouragement; while we wonder that it is not more wisely counted on by those catering for mixed audiences. It was exemplified, once again, on Monday—in the increased attendance of the first concert directed by Mr. Moscheles, and the animation of the audience; that which was well conducted, being well enjoyed. Yet the programme was deficient in orchestral attraction—the only full works of great interest being Beethoven's Symphony in D, and overture to 'Egmont.' Mendelssohn's second concerto excellently played by Madame Dulcken, and violin concerto by Signor Sivi, divided in two portions, were the *solos*; and the band, though not what it would be, could our English gentlemen forget that orchestral playing does not mean shining alone, was, throughout the evening, spirited, attentive, and more ready and sensitive than usual. In short, here is another chance of retrieval for the Philharmonic Society: more immediately recognized than we had expected. We shall speak separately of Herr Pischek, both of whose songs were *encored*: the lady singer was Mdlle. Bertucat—whom we regret to be unable to mention agreeably. The Directors ought to have protected so young an artist, by forbearing to engage her till her powers are better matured:—the more so, since she appears unaware of their extent or fitting occupation.

HERR PISCHEK.—This artist must have a notice to himself: since, by the singing of merely three songs, unheralded by any *fansfare* of preparatory announcement, he has placed himself in command of his public, to a degree of which we hardly recol-

lect an example. Though we are little disposed, in general, towards German concert singing,—owing to some experience of its roughness, nasality, and indifference to the delicacies of vocal art,—we have been excited by the new comer to the old thrill and the old glow, so rarely experienced in this our leader age, that we sometimes fear the heaviness may exist in our own hearts; when it is really chargeable on the mediocrities who assail, in place of enchanting the public. But there is no mistaking the effect produced by Herr Pischek. His voice is a baritone of the finest quality, capped by a *falsetto* of some three or four notes, but so strong and pure, that the discrepancy between the two voices is felt far less than is customary: then both seem to be under much closer discipline than the Germans think generally needful to apply. Herr Pischek's *sostenuto* is perfect in every gradation of tone: his execution, as far as we can judge, neat; with the exception of his shake, which, in Lindpaintner's ballad, was ambitious rather than exact. But the attribute which distinguishes him from recent arrivals, is separate from either voice or execution, or that thoughtful good sense, without which neither the one nor the other can claim an instant's attention. He has genius: a feeling for what is passionate and picturesque, such as has not stirred us for many days: a gift, it may be, difficult to define, but impossible to dispute. A rather dull song from the 'Faust' of Spohr, is given by him with so much graceful tenderness, as to sound sweet, fresh, and natural: a somewhat flimsy ballad by Lindpaintner, is delivered with so much Troubadour animation, as to call up images of the tent and the leaguer and the castle hall, and to make the trite and weary sights and sounds of a concert-room vanish like so many shows and echoes of the *Fata Morgana*. In fact, the effect produced is testified to sound sweet, fresh, and natural: a somewhat flimsy ballad by Lindpaintner, is delivered with so much Troubadour animation, as to call up images of the tent and the leaguer and the castle hall, and to make the trite and weary sights and sounds of a concert-room vanish like so many shows and echoes of the *Fata Morgana*. 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in order that the members of the 'Musical Union' may hear this great violinist at our seventh meeting." So that to effect *one* such engagement during the season, the Director is obliged to draw on his own pocket! or, in plainer English, the first-rate artist, who insists on being paid his full terms, proves, as we said, too dear for 'the Musical Union.' As for the "maximum" of the Philharmonic Society,—that is a confraternity of artists, as all the world knows,—professedly working for one another and their art, and not to tickle the ears of the shabby-noble and the shabby-rich. Moreover,—and this the Director knows as well as ourselves,—even in this artists' society it has been perpetually found necessary to break the rule, by offering a *present* to the first-class player, whose terms place him beyond the law of engagement. We confess that we did not expect to find the "Record" of the "Musical Union" thus proclaiming the pauper spirit of its noble subscribers; who are henceforth to be considered in the category of Poles, paupers, needlewomen and governesses, humbly thankful to accept of as much good music as good artists please "to give." They ought not, however, to call their benefactors hard names. Let us turn to another paragraph, speaking of Sig. Costa's conducting German music, "Truly," writes the Editor, "we could not help thinking of the figurative sally,—without wishing to be thought satirical,—'that an ounce of Italian macaroni is worth a pound of German sour krait,' in the interpretation of a fine poetical subject." An agreeable style of compliment this to the Mendelssohns, Moscheles and Ernsts, who bestowed their charity, in the shape of poetical German music, on the poor nobles last year!—and one we beg to recommend to the admiration of every German, great or small, invited to contribute his assistance to the "Union," on the plea of being favourably spoken of and graciously acknowledged in high places.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.—Besides the musical arrivals already chronicled, we may announce Mademoiselle Bochkoltz, a mezzo soprano, and M. Godefroid, whose sterling powers as a harp composer and a harp player are not forgotten, and whose progress in execution is said to be great,—as having come. In addition, a contemporary declares that Madame Van Hasselt-Bacht is coming, whose claims as the *prima donna* of the Kärntner Thor Theatre at Vienna were discussed by a correspondent last autumn [*Ath.* No. 883].

M. Levasseur has retired from the Grand French Opera; his place, it is said, is to be filled by an Italian singer, Signor Buttura, who has been put into training for that purpose. What a whimsical condition of matters is the present: Englishwomen in Italy—Italians in France—Germans in England—and Swedes in Germany! And still there are people rash enough to talk of wars in the face of this musical reciprocity and the system of railway intercommunication.

We must now make room for a correspondent or two, whose comments our past remarks and accounts of novelties beyond the reach of the London critic, make a welcome variety. The first letter carries the weight of valuable authentication in its signature:—

"I beg leave to offer to your Journal, a few lines confirmatory of your remarks [No. 914, p. 441.] on the advantages to be derived by public singers from careful private practice. In 1819, at Bologna, I had the good fortune to become intimately acquainted with the Cavaliere Girolamo Crescentini, whose high reputation as a thoroughly accomplished singer had formerly extended over all Europe. I had many conversations with him, and also with an intimate friend of his, who had resided in the same house with him at Lisbon, during his operatic engagement there in 1800, &c. Crescentini was then considered the greatest and most perfectly accomplished singer in Europe; his voice, a mezzo soprano, of the finest quality, and perfected to the highest degree in expression and execution. One might reasonably suppose that such a singer would have been quite contented with his public triumphs. Not so with Crescentini! When he returned home from the opera, fatigued with his exertions, and overwhelmed with public applause, he was not satisfied with himself! Before he went to bed, he sat down to his pianoforte, and practised, over and over again, a number of the songs, and passages of songs, which he thought he

might have sung better, and was determined to sing better next time. This singular and laborious practice excited the astonishment of Crescentini's friend and countryman; but Crescentini said it was the only way to enable him to satisfy himself, and to maintain the reputation he had already gained. This I learned from Crescentini's friend, at Bologna; a man on whom I could thoroughly depend, from long experience of his honour and veracity. Of course, in my conversations with Crescentini, I never alluded to his *Lisbon practice* after opera hours; as that would have been indelicate. But, from what I saw and heard, in my conversations with this remarkable singer—then long retired from the stage—I was convinced that he had never been satisfied with his own attainments, even in the zenith of his European fame. Here is a model of modesty and perseverance as an example for all modern singers! A man who knew the length of Art and the shortness of Life!

"I remain, &c., G. F. GRAHAM."

French Opera in the Provinces.—A week or two since, [*ante*, p. 419], in speaking of the announced attempt (alas! "the attempt and not the deed") to establish a French Opera in Liverpool, you remarked, "This is taking a step in the right direction." Most veritable that; and just as true is it that, if I plant my feet northward of this town, I am taking a *step* in the direction of Scotland. But in either case, I can assure you, is the goal as distant; its ultimate attainment as remote from probability.

For some time past it has been proclaimed, that on the opening night 'Guillaume Tell' would be performed, supported by Duprez and Eugénia Garcia. Public expectation was at the "topmost round," and last evening the company ("Ma femme et trois ou quatre poupées") commenced operations. First course was the pleasant vaudeville, 'La Chanoinesse,' which, the actors being of the "most tolerable and not to be endured" class, and, at all events, deserving the negative praise of not being positively bad, was listened to with exemplary patience by as much of the rank, and wealth, and taste of the place as could possibly be squeezed and wedged and jammed within the walls of the theatre. Then came the "old familiar" overture, played in the average manner, and then the opera set in!

The opera, instead of following the good old simple plan of "beginning with the beginning," commenced with the first scene of the second act, wherein *Mathilde* (Madame Garcia) makes her first *entrée*. That lady sang her music carefully, and in a musician-like manner;—hardly, nevertheless, competent to give effect to her own conceptions, by reason of physical obstacles, which are, I greatly fear, past praying for. That ended, the long-desired moment arrived,—and so did Duprez. He was heartily greeted, and repeatedly cheered during his singing in the very difficult duet which succeeds his entrance. It has been my fortune to hear him sing infinitely better (for the discordant *genius loci* was too much against him), but still he displayed all that intense feeling and dramatic expression and artistic skill, for which he is now more remarkable than for the perfection of his vocal organ. On the conclusion of the duet, and the retirement of the lady, a gentleman, evidently intended as the "counterfeit presentment" of *Guillaume*, (tastefully and judiciously dressed in a cast-off Leporello suit,) entered, accompanied by a dismal-looking person, in a red nightcap and grey beard, representing *Albert*; and then came the fine trio, the gem of the piece, 'Troncar suono.' And never, amidst all my misfortunes, "and Heaven has given me my share," has it been my fate to hear it so executed. The two gentlemen, determined, obviously, to make the best of the opportunity afforded them, roared "as 'twere any nightingale," and "aggravated their voices" to an extent but rarely heard in a civilized and Christian country. The band and they were evidently at issue, and "panting time toiled after them in vain." Equally vain were the vigorous efforts of Duprez to extricate himself from his unhappy situation. All would not do; and there was a visible satisfaction in the auditory when the curtain dropped. Next time it drew up we found ourselves, *per saltum*, at the "last scene of all," all the intermediate ones being fortunately cancelled. Then came a powerful chorus of about eight, apparently too much excited by the

tyranny of the invisible *Gesler* to care much about the score; then sang *Guillaume* his famous *tour de force*, his celebrated *ut de poitrine*, out rushed the guards, the curtain came lazily down, and all was over!

DRURY LANE.—Owing to managerial postponements, we must content ourselves, in regard to the new Opera, with saying, that Madame Thillon, as "the Enchantress," is more enchanting than ever, and was so enthusiastically *encored* the first night, as to have no voice left for the second; that Mr. Harrison is her lover, with a sentimental ballad, which is to take the place of—

We may be happy yet;—

that Mr. Balfe has sustained his reputation as a skilful fitter of the singers who are engaged in his opera; that M. St. Georges has concocted some clever scenic effects; and that Mr. Bunn appears to be mysteriously poetical, as usual. The work, in short, was successful on its production. We shall return to it analytically next week.

LYCEUM.—A new burlesque, constructed by Mr. Albert Smith and Mr. T. Taylor, was produced on Whit-Monday; the name and subject being 'Cinderella,' and the piece arranged in three tableaux. Inferior in brilliancy of dialogue to their former productions, it exceeds them in scenic situation and spectacle. The transformation of the pumpkin and mice into the fairy equipage is pleasingly managed, by means of a dissolving view. Mrs. Keeley performs the heroine; and after assuming the costume of Lucile Grahn, dances the *Mazourka d'Estase* with Mr. Collier, who enacts the part of the Gnome, *Rumpelstiltskin*. The Viennese dancers are also imitated by Mr. Frampton's pupils; and Mr. Macready finds his representative in Mr. Wigan, as the Prince, who parodies, with *Cinderella*, the love scene in 'The Lady of Lyons.' Similar references are made to other pieces, particularly 'The Daughter of St. Mark'—but the intellectual attraction of the performance rests with Mr. Wigan, who, to our mind, indicates in the course of it some powers as an actor of which he is, perhaps, not generally suspected.

MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences.—April 21.—M. Arago presented a calculating child, born at Blaye, and not yet seven years old, who is said to be even more wonderful than Vito-Maugiamel or Mondheux.—A paper by M. Regnault, on the elastic power and density of steam, was read.—Dr. le Pileur submitted a paper on the sensation experienced at great heights; and which has been called by various medical writers the *mal de montagne*. De Saussure, Humboldt, Bous-singault and many other travellers, have related the sensations which they felt, and which, generally speaking, were acceleration of the pulse, prostration of strength, loss of appetite, nausea, vomiting, and other results similar to those of sea-sickness. Dr. le Pileur, in giving an account of the ascent of Mont Blanc, which he accomplished with Messrs. Bravais and Martins, in August last [*Ath.* No. 881], confirms the description given by other persons of these sensations when at great heights above the level of the sea. The doctor and his companions suffered most during the first hour after their arrival at the summit of the mountain. In the second hour, they felt better, and after that they suffered very little, but they had no appetite during the whole of the time that they were at a height exceeding 4,000 metres. The author distinguishes between the sensations created by the mere fatigue of ascension and those which are caused by the atmosphere in elevated positions—the latter are the acceleration of the pulse, the loss of appetite, and sometimes somnolency.—April 28.—A communication by M. Leverrier, on the comet discovered in 1843 by M. Faye, was read. M. Leverrier calculates its re-appearance about the 26th of March, 1851.—M. Despret read a paper on the theory of sound.—A letter was received from M. de Demidoff, containing some meteorological observations made last year at Nyne-Tagulek.—M. de la Rive, of Geneva, announces a fact of some interest. Wrought iron in certain situations gives out a distinct sound when magnetized;—and M. de la Rive has discovered that, when placed in connexion with the wire of an electrical telegraph, this sound might be conveyed to an im-

menne distance.—M. A. Brongniart read a report on a paper by M. Duchastre, on the nature and mode of action of the parasitical plant called *clandestina*. The committee proposes that the paper, as being the most complete that has been written on the subject, shall be published in the collection of the works of learned foreigners.

Madder.—I was well pleased at reading, in the *Athenæum* (No. 913) the intelligence, that the good people of Avignon are, at length, really about to erect the monument so long talked of, to the memory of the man who introduced the culture of the Garance, or madder, into the Department of Vaucluse. My travelling journal of four years ago, contains a memorandum of what I saw and heard at Avignon, concerning this remarkable person. As it does not agree with your notice in every particular, I give it merely with the intention to procure correction from some third writer. "Avignon, (ancien Comtat Venaissin). The production of madder brings this province thirty or forty millions of francs per annum. Two Englishmen, Messrs. King and Killgore, having settled here, and devoted much capital to the cultivation of madder, were able to buy all that was offered to them by growers who had suffered by the floods: from that time the price began to rise, and their gains have been prodigious. The Garance was brought to this country by a native of Persia, who saw a resemblance in the soil of Venaissin to his native country. The benefit he conferred upon France was acknowledged; and he received the honorary distinction of a ribbon. He was decorated. His portrait, in Persian costume, hangs in the Bibliothèque de la Ville, among the Vernets and Crillons, and other illustrious men of Avignon." Not having written down his name at the moment, I forget it entirely; and even at Marseilles my inquiry failed to repair the loss. One thing, however, I could not forget: this great benefactor to a country so remote from his own was suffered to die in penury; in an hospital. But, in this case, as in many others, a succeeding generation becomes ashamed of the negligence of a former one, and endeavours to make some sort of reparation for it. The fields, where madder is cultivated, are laid out in beds, between which are trenches for the carrying off of superfluous moisture. The soil is light, the roots stand at equal distances, and are kept free from weeds. I was told, that upon the due regulation of the moisture, depended, in a great measure, the success of this crop, which is become a most important one to France. The usefulness of madder, as a dye, is evident enough in the French army—and, by means of chemical agents, it affords many shades of colour, varying greatly from the original red. McCulloch's 'Commercial Dictionary' says, that Provence owes its possession of the madder plant, to seeds carried thither from Cyprus. We shall hear when the monument is erected to my Persian hero, what account the Provencal journals give of the matter. Meanwhile, I am, sir, May 1, 1845. Yours, &c. S. R.

Telegraphs.—The fond pertinacity with which projectors cling to their schemes, even when they are useless, and the waste of ingenuity which is its consequence, may be illustrated by an account which we find in the French papers of some experiments making, by a M. Gonon, on the Hill of Montmartre, with a telegraph of a novel construction. Its advantages over the old telegraphs are admitted,—while the former offered a hundred signals, the latter gives, it is said, 40,000;—and is provided with a system of moveable and stationary lights, which enables it to be worked by night as well as day. Let all this be so, and *cui bono*, now? Does not the inventor perceive that he is too late? It is hard, we admit, to have the labour of years,—employed on a useful object and brought to a successful issue,—snatched away by some grand natural discovery or application, that renders all the mechanical contrivances which were to do a portion of its complete office so much lumber;—but, there is an end of all transmission of signals by tower and hill, before the electric system established in this country, and fast establishing in France. Not only has M. Gonon's "good thing" been "said before him," but a better to the same effect; and his continued experiments on Montmartre can only serve to establish how clever a thing he could have effected, if he had not been born a little too late. It has often been the fate of genius to be before its age;—it is the accident of M. Gonon's to be just behind it.

New Maps.—Mr. Wyld, who is always first in the field when geographical questions arise of public interest, has just published a map of the *United States*, and the *relative positions of the Oregon and Texas*, with the boundary lines agreed to by treaties and those now claimed by Great Britain and the United States, with a comparative chronological Statement of the events on which these several claims are believed to rest. He has also published, in two sheets, a very useful *Post Map of Europe*, comprehending England, France, Germany, Northern Italy, &c., with the Roads, Railways, and Packet Routes, &c.

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